T A K E T H I S W O M A N

(IF I SHOULD DIE BEFORE I WAKE)
("LADY FROM SHANGHAI")

Screenplay by
Orson Welles

FINAL DRAFT
(For Estimating Purposes)
August 17, 1946

It's late August, -- very early morning....The city, fretfully awake, gasps for breath in the stuffy atmosphere of a closet.

In the dizzy heat Spires and tenements seem to sweat like the New Yorkers living in them. It's been a heavy summer and the whole weight of it has been congealed into one oven of a night.

under the TITLE and CREDITS...

We see Manhattan at such an hour in such a season.

In particular: We see a girl walking. We see a man following her. She hears his footsteps, stops, he ducks out of her sight.

In the dark doorway of a building we watch him hiding, -- listening...

She has returned, searching for him, but she halts short of the door, changes her mind, and crosses the street, moving toward the place where hansoms and Victorias are waiting near the park...

The man scuttles away. CAMERA PANNING HIM takes in a luminous vista of the city as....

The CREDITS finish, and we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NIGHT CLUB

1 DOODLES....the screen is filled with them... Figures, drafted nervously on a tablecloth. HOT RUMBA MUSIC comes over the scene. CAMERA PULLS BACK to show the doodler; an aging playboy (Grisby) - in a most unhappy sweat of apprehension. He's sitting at a table in a night club, from the pattern of the upholstery: El Morocco. A waiter is speaking into his ear. 1

THE WAITER
-- No sir. I've checked again.

THE PLAYBOY
(his voice shaking a little)
You're sure?

THE WAITER
That's right, sir. She hasn't called.

The waiter leaves. The Playboy stares straight ahead, gripping the pencil in his shaking fingers. The pencil breaks... At this the CAMERA WHIPS OFF THE SCENE. In a frantic smear of light -

DISSOLVE TO:

2 INSERT: A RADIO AND A PHONE 2
The music of El Morocco is being broadcast, but we hear it more tinnily now from the speaker. A phone in the f.g. is ringing. A hand comes into the scene, and lifts the receiver off the cradle, CAMERA MOVING UP TO SHOW A MAN -- a cripple, with a sharp, intelligent face (this is Bannister).

THE CRIPPLED MAN
Yes -- ?

With his free hand, he completes an action commenced when the phone rang. He knocks a pill or two out of a bottle, picks them up in his uncertain fingers, pops them in his mouth and swallows them with a glass of water. He has just started his drink when something said on the phone makes him stop to answer.

THE CRIPPLED MAN
(sharply)
What do you mean -- <u>you lost her</u>?

CUT TO:

INT. PHONE BOOTH

3 GARAGE SEEN IN B.G. A man is at the phone (Broome). 3
His blank face shows nothing but greed. A loose mouth sports a set of teeth the color of Camembert cheese. About two of these unlovely grinders are missing and this man Broome has a way of nursing a fat reptilian tongue through the gaping space with exactly the grimace of a sick lizard. Indeed, though a big fellow, he's quite probably unwell. Anyway, he looks ill. He also looks like a hoodlum.

BROOME
I tagged her as far as the Plaza.
Then she took this horse and buggy...
I had to leave her go or she'd spot
me...

CUT TO:

4 THE OTHER END OF THE PHONE CONVERSATION: 4

THE CRIPPLED MAN
(furiously)
You read the papers, don't you?
You know the kind of things that're
happening in the park nowadays? --
What's she doing out there --
alone?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK

5 CLOSEUP A GIRL 5
The girl we saw before....A very beautiful girl. She's riding in a carriage in the park. CAMERA CRANES BACK to show a POLICE SQUAD CAR moving up behind her.

INSERT: THE LITTLE DIAL OF A RADIO
IN SQUAD CAR

Through the speaker and over the rattling of static comes the cop announcer reciting the police calls.

POLICE RADIO VOICE
Car in 52nd Precinct, Signal 30 - 196th & Jerome - cries for help Car 510 will respond - proceed cautiously.

INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

6 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT 6
A couple of cops are listening to the calls.

COP 1
Gettin' a lot of action up in the Bronx...

COP 2
Yeah, quiet around here, -- for once.

COP 1
Hey! Just a minute --

He jerks his head to indicate something we can't see outside.

COP 1
(continuing)
How about that guy, -- watcha think?

The Voice on the short wave radio drones on with the police calls....

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

7 The radio in the parked squad car can still be heard, faint, 7
but audible. It's quiet out here. And very hot. A man is walking in the park late at night. His footsteps echo on the sidewalk. He's singing under his breath, and with more than a touch of Irish brogue:

7 CONTINUED: 7

THE MAN
Bold Robert Emmett, the darlin' of Erin
Bold Robert Emmett, he died with a smile.
So farewell --

It's dark and the man's face is in shadow. But now a blade of light stabs through the darkness and picks up his face interrupting the song. The flashlight is held by a policeman, one of the two, in the squad car. Nothing is said for a while. The flashlight travels up and down searching the man. The cops looking him over without comment. The short wave radio rattles on with its routine refrain...

8 TRUCKING SHOT 8
The man moves to a pedestrian crossing with traffic lights, the squad car inching after him.

9 CLOSEUP THE MAN 9
He's a big strapping Irishman with a pug nose -- a little wild-eyed maybe, but he doesn't really look dangerous. This is Michael. O.S. the carriage is heard coming up.

10 MEDIUM SHOT MICHAEL 10
Squad car in b.g. The horse-drawn hack approaches -- a Victoria, chauffeured by a broken-down old character in a topper, and containing by way of a passenger, the Girl. With a lonely sounding "click," the traffic light changes and the carriage comes to a halt beside Michael.

MICHAEL
(he grins at the cabby)
That horse o' yours, -- does he always stop by himself on a red light?

THE CABBY
It's a her and she ain't color blind.

MICHAEL
(apparently for the benefit of the police)
Sure, it's the middle of the night in the middle of the park, an' if there's ever a point in a traffic light at all, there's no point in it here. So why does she stop?

10 CONTINUED: 10

THE CABBY
This here's a law-abiding horse.

MICHAEL
There's nobody obeys a law unless they're afraid of something.

Michael now pretends to talk to the horse, but of course all this is really meant for the cops, and more importantly, for the girl.

MICHAEL
(continuing)
Is it the old man's whip you tremble under, Rosinante?

THE CABBY
(dead pan)
Now, don't be callin' her names.

MICHAEL
(catching the Irish remnant in the old cabby's inflection)
You're a Cork man?

THE CABBY
Limerick. But I left Ireland when I was a kid.

MICHAEL
So did I...

THE CABBY
You're from the North, ain't ya?

MICHAEL
The West. Connemarra.
(to the girl)
Will you have a cigarette, ma'am?

11 CLOSEUP THE GIRL 11
Michael's eyes haven't left hers during all the foregoing and for good reasons, too. She's wearing a simple print frock -- but she fills it with great style. She's young - nothing fresh or cheap about her - reserved - but her eyes meet Michael's with a level twinkle.

12 MEDIUM SHOT IN CENTRAL PARK 12
The Cops in the squad car have been silently watching all of this and listening. Now, one of them speaks:

12 CONTINUED: 12

COP 1
It's a bad time to be out alone, lady. Been a lotta trouble out here lately -

COP 2
Yeah, and maybe the Irishman knows something about it.

COP 1
Maybe we ought to take him in and find out.

Michael, paying no attention to this, repeats his offer to the girl.

MICHAEL
Cigarette?

THE GIRL
No, thanks.

MICHAEL
(as though the cops, who are watching him still - don't exist)
The brand is ordinary but the smoke is sweet in the open night air.

COP 1
(with a grunt)
Aw - he's just showin' off to the girl.

The squad car starts away.

13 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 13
The muscle twitches in Michael's jaw, but he goes on offering the cigarette.

MICHAEL
It's me last one. And I been looking forward to it, so please don't refuse.

14 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND THE GIRL 14

THE GIRL
But I don't smoke.

14 CONTINUED: 14

MICHAEL
Experiment with this one. In the dark of the road up there, there'll be nobody to see you. You've the look of a queen about you entirely, ridin' in your solitary luxuriousness, and it's only a queen knows how to be after receivin' a gift.

15 MEDIUM SHOT MICHAEL, THE GIRL AND CARRIAGE 15
The lonely "click" again - the traffic light has changed.

MICHAEL
I want to remember you as the queen of the night-time, the Empress of Central Park, so take the gift, Your Majesty, and don't disappoint me.

THE CABBY
We better get goin', miss, before the light changes again.

With nice gravity, the girl accepts the cigarette, takes a handkerchief out of her bag and wraps Michael's foolish little gift in it.

16 CLOSEUP THE GIRL 16
She looks at Michael for a minute, then:

THE GIRL
Go ahead.

The way she says it - still looking at him - it sounds very much like an invitation....but -

17 MEDIUM SHOT THE CARRIAGE AND MICHAEL 17
But the old Cabby takes it literally, and with a crack of his whip he starts up the carriage. There's a sleepy 'clop-clop' of hooves as they go on off into the darkness leaving Michael all by himself.

18 CRANE SHOT MICHAEL IN THE PARK 18
He starts slowly up the sidewalk in the same direction. Then, after a bit, he whispers his little song again.

MICHAEL
"Sold Robert Emmett, he died with a smile.
So farewell, companions, both brave and loyal,
I laid down my life -- "

Again he's interrupted. Again by the return of the squad car.

19 MEDIUM SHOT SQUAD CAR 19
The car stops beside Michael.

COP 1
Whatayu celebratin', bud?

MICHAEL
(with quiet belligerence)
What do you mean?

COP 1
Whatchu singin' for?

MICHAEL
Sure, there isn't a soul for me to wake out here save the birds in the trees. Can't a man whisper a small song to himself in the night-time for the companionship of it? And to keep himself from remembrin' that the world is full of cops?

A voice on the short wave radio comes over scene.

COP 2
Just a second, Mac.

VOICE (O.S.)
Cars in the 22nd Precinct, Signal 32 at 86th St. Entrance. Cars 442, 464 will respond...

COP 1
That's us.

They drive off.

20 TRUCKING SHOT MICHAEL 20
He continues on his walk. After a bit, something catches his eye. He passes it - then returns and picks it up; a woman's handbag. It looks like the Girl's. Michael glances around.

21 LONG SHOT DESERTED PARK 21
Nothing but empty silence.

22 CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL 22
He opens the handbag. There is the handkerchief, and in it, the cigarette.

23 MEDIUM SHOT MICHAEL 23
He sees something on the ground.

24 INSERT: THE TRACKS OF CARRIAGE WHEELS 24
CUTTING ACROSS THE LAWN.

25 TRUCKING SHOT MICHAEL FOLLOWING CARRIAGE TRACKS 25
The carriage tracks lead to a dark place where there's no street lamp, but a thicket of young trees. The horse and carriage stand motionless in front of a grass embankment.

26 CLOSE SHOT THE EMPTY CARRIAGE 26

27 CLOSE SHOT CABBIE 27
Slumped over on one side lying on the ground is the old cabbie. He's been knocked out.

28 CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL 28
Looks around.

29 LONG SHOT MICHAEL'S POINT OF VIEW 29
He sees three men, their backs to him, surrounding the Girl. One of the men holds a gun. The Girl looks towards Michael. Her face brightens with hope as she sees him.

30 DOLLY SHOT MICHAEL 30
He leaves the old cabbie and rushes toward the men.

31 MEDIUM SHOT THE THREE MEN AND THE GIRL 31
Michael takes on the man holding the gun -- delivers a well aimed punch at the jaw.

32 CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL AND THE MEN HOLDING THE GUN 32
It's a lucky punch and the man drops to the ground unconscious - the gun falling in the bushes nearby. The second man closes in on Michael.

33 CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL 33
Swinging full force, Michael slashes wildly at this man. The man takes off, and, Roughneck, Number Two beats it, too. The girl, pale with shock, looks wonderingly up at her rescuer, the big Irishman. Nothing is said, he just looks back. They both like what they see, but her escape from the attackers has been too serious and energetic a business for a mood conducive to flirtation. Michael takes her by the arm and leads her towards the carriage. He pats the horse, calming it.

34 MED. SHOT MICHAEL AND THE GIRL 34

THE GIRL
What about the driver?

MICHAEL
He'll be the first to wake up.
He's bound to be....

35 CLOSE SHOT THE CARRIAGE 35
Michael takes out the carriage blanket, very carefully throws it over the unconscious cabbie. Michael kisses the horseshoe and places it on top of the blanket.

36 CLOSE SHOT THE OLD CABBIE 36
Dreaming peacefully, the blanket over him, the horseshoe on top.

37 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND THE GIRL 37

MICHAEL
The cops'll find him in a minute. They can figure it out for themselves. Climb aboard now and I'll take you home.

She gets in the carriage with him.

38 MEDIUM SHOT THE CARRIAGE 38
Michael starts the Victoria and brings it back to the road.

39 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND THE GIRL IN THE CARRIAGE 39
(PROCESS)

THE GIRL
Well, you can take me to the garage - home's too far away.

MICHAEL
Nothing's too far away.

THE GIRL
(looking at him)
You mean for you.

39 CONTINUED: 39

MICHAEL
I mean for me.

THE GIRL
We'll spend the whole night, then -- driving at this rate of speed.

40 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 40

MICHAEL
Sure, and there's nothin' to do with the night but to spend it. You can't be saving it. The night won't keep.

41 CLOSEUP THE GIRL 41

THE GIRL
That sounds like something in a book.

42 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND THE GIRL 42

MICHAEL
It will be.

THE GIRL
Are you a writer?

MICHAEL
I will be.

THE GIRL
What kind of stories do you write?

MICHAEL
I'll decide after I've written them.

THE GIRL
But how can you write a story before you think about it?

43 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 43

MICHAEL
Sure, you can't decide about a thing 'til it's all over and done, and even then, you can't be certain because who knows when anything's done with -- for good and all.

44 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND GIRL 44

THE GIRL
(slowly)
I think I know what you mean.

MICHAEL
I'm sure I don't.

THE GIRL
(giving him a sharp look)
Are you making fun of me?

MICHAEL
I only make fun of myself.

THE GIRL
You're that funny?

MICHAEL
I'm that Irish.

45 CLOSEUP THE GIRL 45

THE GIRL
(after a minute)
You're wrong about love affairs.

46 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 46

MICHAEL
I never mentioned any.

47 CLOSEUP THE GIRL 47

THE GIRL
I think a person knows when they're not in love anymore -- You know when that's over.

48 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND THE GIRL 48

MICHAEL
(giving her a shrewd glance)
You know, but does he?

The girl doesn't answer. She looks away.

MICHAEL
(continuing)
You're sure it's over.

THE GIRL
It's none of your business.

MICHAEL
That's just why you can trust me with the secrets of your heart. I don't even know your name and you'll never be seein' me again.

THE GIRL
There you go being certain of something.

A pause.

49 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 49
We see him changing his mind about several things.

MICHAEL
You better give me your name.

THE GIRL
(with a twinkle)
And my phone number?

MICHAEL
Faith, tomorrow I'll be out on the sea in a boat and it bound for the dark continent of Africa.

50 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND THE GIRL 50

THE GIRL
(her eyes laughing at him)
You've decided that, too?

50 CONTINUED: 50

MICHAEL
(looking at her - ruefully)
You know something - you're too logical altogether!

Michael watches her mouth as it decides to smile, then he speaks, thoughtfully.

MICHAEL
(continuing)
I'm going to call you Rosaleen.

THE GIRL
Rosaleen? Why?

MICHAEL
It's a gorgeous romantical name to be sure -- and nobody called Rosaleen could ever be logical.

THE GIRL
(ponders this for a minute)
I think you like to hear yourself talk.

MICHAEL
I enjoy it immensely.

THE GIRL
What shall I call you?

MICHAEL
-- My true name.

THE GIRL
(a tinge of sophisticated irony accents her tone)
Now, don't tease me -- what is it?

MICHAEL
Michael. And you're teasin'.

THE GIRL
(with more warmth)
Yes, Michael, I'm teasing you. Do you enjoy that?

51 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 51

MICHAEL
I'm enjoyin' the two of us.

52 CLOSEUP THE GIRL 52

THE GIRL
(smiling up at him)
And you're still going off to the dark continent of Africa?

53 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 53

MICHAEL
(smiling back)
But I'll see you again, I've changed my mind about that, and it's gifts I'll be bringing you, combs from the tusks of the wisest elephants to put in your hair, Rosaleen. It's a marvelous fan I'll wheedle away from the pygmy people, so you'll be coolin' your cheek from the feathers of educated peacocks.

54 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND THE GIRL 54

THE GIRL
Michael, you're a character.

MICHAEL
I'm nothin' more than a sailor-man and him with the queen of the night ridin' along at his side.

55 FULL SHOT THE PARK 55
The squad car is glimpsed through the trees, passing then, but not seeing them, on another road.

56 CLOSE TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND THE GIRL 56

THE GIRL
There's a police car --

MICHAEL
We're just comin' out of the park, the horse and cart'll make it too simple for the cops to be findin' us --

He pulls up to a lamp-post.

57 MEDIUM SHOT THE CARRIAGE 57
Michael gets out of the carriage and hitches the horse to the lamp.

THE GIRL
You don't care for them very much, do you, Michael?

MICHAEL
The cops?
(somberly)
Faith, they can struggle along without our doin' their work for 'em.

He helps the girl down out of the carriage, then bows to the horse.

MICHAEL
(continuing)
Farewell, Rosinante.

THE GIRL
That sounds like my name.
(smiles)

He takes her arm.

58 TRUCKING SHOT MICHAEL AND THE GIRL 58
They start walking.

MICHAEL
Sure, Rosinante's a horse in a book. You're Rossleen.

THE GIRL
Who's she?

MICHAEL
A girl in a book.

THE GIRL
I remember -- Rosinante was the old nag Don Quixote rode when he went out after those windmills. I think you're a lot like Don Quixote, yourself Michael. You haven't heard about the age of chivalry. It's out of business.

MICHAEL
The tough boys that went after you in the park -- they didn't look like windmills to me --

58 CONTINUED: 58

THE GIRL
They weren't. I'm sorry, Michael, I guess you're really what you think you are.

MICHAEL
Whatever's that now?

THE GIRL
A knight errant -- A real live knight errant. When you were a boy, you read all about them, didn't you, Michael? And you never got over it.

MICHAEL
(with a quizzical grin)
You mean I never grew up? And what, can you tell me, does a knight errant do for his livelihood?

THE GIRL
Oh, he doesn't bother much about earning a living. He spends most of his time rescuing maidens in distress. He always slays the dragon and saves the princess, and he makes the prettiest speeches. But you'd better be careful. Things have changed, Sir Knight. Nowadays it's usually the dragon that lives happily ever after.

MICHAEL
Don't the princess and the knight ever make it?

THE GIRL
(stopping and turning to him)
Sometimes she gives him a kiss.

Michael just looks at her, terribly embarrassed. A funny little spark comes into her eye.

THE GIRL
(continuing)
Michael....You know what's wrong with being a knight errant?

MICHAEL
No.

58 CONTINUED: (2) 58

THE GIRL
He's brave and bold because his heart is pure. But he's an awful fool -- He doesn't know anything about women.

She takes his hand and leads him to the street corner.

THE GIRL
(continuing)
If I hadn't seen the way you can fight, I'd say you spend all your time reading.

MICHAEL
A sailor has nothin' but time. Faith, so must a girl ridin' all by herself in a carriage in the lonesome dark. You must have time and to spare.

THE GIRL
(quietly)
No, I haven't much time...
(after a minute -- she's been thinking)
You don't like the police, Michael. Is there some reason why they don't like you?

MICHAEL
(darkly)
They've never put me in jail -- in America.

By now they've stopped at the street corner.

EXT. STREET CORNER

59 MEDIUM SHOT 59

THE GIRL
My car's a block down that way...

MICHAEL
(lightly)
The nicest jails are in Australia. The worst are in Spain.

THE GIRL
You must be a naughty boy, Michael.

MICHAEL
I'm careless.

59 CONTINUED: 59

THE GIRL
Now, you're bragging.
(her smile is at once affectionate and derisive)
Look at you, you're waiting for the red light! Come on, Michael.

Leading him, she starts crossing the street against the light.

THE GIRL
(continuing)
What law did you break in Spain?

MICHAEL
I killed a man.

A taxi whizzes by and almost runs them down. They continue crossing.

THE GIRL
(laughing)
You almost killed a girl on Sixty-seventh Street.

MICHAEL
Is there a law against that?

They've reached a garage.

EXT. GARAGE

60 60

THE GIRL
Try it. You won't like the jails in New York.

She leads him into the garage.

INT. GARAGE

61 The girl gives an attendant a check. She and Michael stand together waiting for her car. 61

MICHAEL
(during the foregoing business)
There was a woman here killed her husband last week. He'd gone to the ice-box for a bite of supper. The woman said she thought her husband was a burglar. She shot him five times in the head.

61 CONTINUED: 61

THE GIRL
She had a good lawyer.

62 TIGHT TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND THE GIRL 62

MICHAEL
Evidently. I saw the woman's picture in the newspaper this morning -- 'Vacation-bound for Bermuda,' it said. Come to think of it, they had the lawyer-man's picture, as well. A sorry little cripple fella, he was. Bainbridge or somethin'. The paper called him the 'World's Greatest Criminal Lawyer.' He looked like the World's greatest criminal.

63 CLOSEUP THE GIRL 63

THE GIRL
(slowly)
Some people think he is. His name is Bannister. Harry Bannister.

64 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 64

MICHAEL
You seem to know a lot about him.

65 CLOSEUP THE GIRL 65

THE GIRL
I ought to, but I don't.

66 TIGHT TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND THE GIRL 66

MICHAEL
(after a silence)
I don't know what that means, but I won't apologize, regardless.

THE GIRL
Don't ever.

MICHAEL
I don't ever.

INT. GARAGE

67 MEDIUM SHOT 67

ATTENDANT
(coming into the Scene)
Here's your car, Ma'am.

Another Attendant drives up with a really huge and fiercely-sleek Hispano Suiza.

THE GIRL
Send the bill to my husband.

68 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 68

MICHAEL
Your husband.

69 CLOSEUP THE GIRL REACTION 69

70 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 70

MICHAEL
Did you go ridin' in the carriage because you wanted loneliness to be thinkin' of him, or just so they could fix the plug?

71 FRESH ANGLE OF THE GARAGE 71
A concrete pillar behind Michael. Broome's face inches into the picture. He watches the Girl and Michael, careful not to be seen.

72 CLOSEUP THE GIRL 72

THE GIRL
(she looks at him for a minute)
I don't like driving this thing....
Like to drive it for me?

73 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND THE GIRL 73
He doesn't answer. She gets into the car, behind the wheel.

74 CLOSEUP THE GIRL 74

THE GIRL
...I'd like it.

75 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 75

MICHAEL
I'm shippin' out tomorrow.

76 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND THE GIRL 76

THE GIRL
You've been to Africa. I'll bet you've never seen Long Island. It'll be a new experience.

Michael's eyes don't leave hers, but he doesn't answer.

THE GIRL
(continuing)
Are you interested in money?

MICHAEL
Not at all.

THE GIRL
(giving him a card)
In case you change your mind --

77 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 77
He tears the card in two and throws it away.

78 CLOSEUP THE GIRL 78

THE GIRL
I'll make it worth your while --

Suddenly, her face changes...her hand is still in her bag. She misses something. She's frightened.

79 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND THE GIRL 79

MICHAEL
Is this what you're lookin' for?
(he brings out a gun)
You were smart to carry it, ridin' alone in the park, but if you knew you had it in your bag why throw it away?

THE GIRL
I hoped you'd find it. I don't know how to shoot.

MICHAEL
It's easy. You just pull the trigger.

79 CONTINUED: 79

All at once her eyes fill with tears. She's a very scared, very helpless-looking little girl. She starts up the big car with a jerk.

INT. GARAGE

80 MEDIUM SHOT 80
The Girl drives the car, much too quickly, out of the garage. Michael stands looking after her. Broome comes up beside him.

BROOME
Some dame, ain't she?

Michael makes no reply.

A GARAGE ATTENDANT
Yeah -- and some car. Mr. Bannister had it made special for her.

81 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 81

MICHAEL
Bannister?

82 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND THE ATTENDANT 82

THE ATTENDANT
Harry Bannister himself.
(he sighs in an ecstasy of admiration)
Some guys have all the luck!

DISSOLVE TO:

83 MOVING SHOT CRIPPLED LEGS OF A MAN LIMPING THROUGH A CROWD CAMERA PULLS BACK to show this man. Quite tragically crippled, he is -- we've seen him before. Small, very balding, sharp faced, with a twisted mouth and very bright beady eyes. CAMERA PULLS FURTHER BACK to show: 83

INT. SEAMAN'S HIRING HALL

84 Hundreds of seamen gathered in groups -- faces representing all the people of the earth. In the center of the room, on a chair, a port steward stands calling off names. 84

PORT STEWARD
S.S. American Trader, four A.B.'s, two ordinary seamen, one oiler, one wiper, three cooks, and boatswain, one quartermaster. She lays at Pier 43. She's feeding ...

The crippled man comes up to one of the sailors.

THE CRIPPLED MAN
Excuse me, could you help me locate a Mr. O'Hara -- Michael O'Hara?

THE SAILOR
(his name is GOLDIE)
Black Mike O'Hara ... a big harp that talks fancy?

THE CRIPPLED MAN
I don't know the man myself.

Another sailor comes up to them, this one's name is Jake.

JAKE
I know him.

THE CRIPPLED MAN
Shipmates?

JAKE
We was in Spain together.

A voice cuts in over the loudspeaker.

VOICE O.S.
Michael O'Hara ... O'Hara ... Man wants to see you. Please step to the water cooler.

84 CONTINUED: 84

JAKE
They started callin' him Black Irish in '39, after what he did to them two strikebreakers. There's a lotta blarney in Mike, but he knows how to hurt a man when he gets mad.

THE CRIPPLED MAN
Everything goes black, huh?

JAKE
Black and blue.

VOICE O.S.
(loudspeaker)
I got a tanker needs a cook's assistant. A short run to the Gulf. She's feedin', she's hot.

MICHAEL O.S.
You're looking for me?

THE CAMERA PANS to include Michael. The crippled man sizes him up with shrewd eyes.

THE CRIPPLED MAN
O'Hara?

MICHAEL
O'Hara.

85 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND THE CRIPPLED MAN 85

THE CRIPPLED MAN
You're what they call an able-bodied seaman?

MICHAEL
That's what they call it.

THE CRIPPLED MAN
Can you drive a car?

MICHAEL
Yes.

THE CRIPPLED MAN
I presume you can manage a speed boat?

85 CONTINUED: 85

MICHAEL
I presume so.

THE CRIPPLED MAN
Do you drink?

MICHAEL
(very softly)
I beg your pardon.

THE CRIPPLED MAN
I asked you if you drink.

MICHAEL
Whatever's set in front of me, mister. It doesn't have to be wholesome, just so it's strong...

THE CRIPPLED MAN
You drink habitually?

MICHAEL
May I ask, sir, if you're extending an invitation?

86 CLOSEUP THE CRIPPLED MAN 86
He chokes down his gall, pulls himself together, forces a smile.

THE CRIPPLED MAN
I guess it might as well be.
(he turns on the charm)
If you'll show me to the nearest bar, Mr. O'Hara, we'll sit down together and discuss your going to work for me. My name is Bannister.

87 CLOSEUP MICHAEL'S REACTION 87

88 MEDIUM SHOT MICHAEL, THE CRIPPLED MAN AND THE TWO SAILORS 88
Michael addresses Goldie and Jake (who haven't been able to make up their minds whether to go away or to stick around in case their friend's being insulted.)

MICHAEL
Me Boyes, may I present Mr. Harry Bannister, the criminal lawyer. He'll get you out of anything -- Mr. Jake Bejornson and Goldie.
(to Goldie)
Right?

88 CONTINUED: 88

GOLDIE
(shakes hands with Bannister)
Chaim Goldfish is the name. Glad to know you, Mr. Bannister.

The muscle is working now in Michael's jaw. He's sore as hell, but his voice is soft.

MICHAEL
Mr. Bannister's wife sent him to get me.
(turning to Bannister)
Didn't she, Mr. Bannister?

The knuckles of Bannister's hands are white as he grips his canes.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
-- And now Mr. Bannister's going to buy us all a few drinks while I entertain myself by refusin' to go to work for him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BAR

89 A juke box is playing. Bannister and Michael face each other across a booth ... Jake beside Bannister and Goldie seated by Michael. Several hours have passed. There's been a lot of drinking and Bannister is very drunk. 89

JAKE
(grinning affectionately at Michael)
... Yeah, Mike's kind of a screwball, but he's got a great line with the broads.

BANNISTER
So I hear ... Saved my wife's life, y'know...Quite a hero. Quite a tough guy.

JAKE
Mister, there ain't no such thing.

BANNISTER
No such thing as a tough guy?

89 CONTINUED: 89

JAKE
What's a tough guy? He's a guy with an edge.

A pause. We hear a crooner, Sinatra or Crosby, on the juke box.

JAKE
(continued)
What makes him sing purtier 'n me?

90 CLOSEUP JAKE 90
He points to his throat.

JAKE
(continued)
Somethin' in here. What makes it loud? A microphone. That's his edge. What's an edge? ... An edge is a gun or a knife or a nightstick or a razor. Somethin' the other guy don't have... A little extra reach on a punch, or a set of brass knuckles, or a stripe on your sleeve, or a badge that says 'Cop' on it, or a piece of rock in your hand, or a bankroll in your pocket. That's an edge, brother ... Without no edge they ain't no tough guy.

91 MEDIUM SHOT THE FOURSOME 91
Bannister, glassy-eyed, focuses balefully on Michael.

BANNISTER
You hear that, Black Irish?

92 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 92

MICHAEL
It's true.

93 CLOSEUP BANNISTER 93

BANNISTER
Well, bear it in mind.

Bannister passes out cold.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MAIN HOUSE OF THE BANNISTER ESTATE - LONG ISLAND - DAY

94 THE FRONT HALLWAY 94
Elsa goes to the door.

ELSA
(as she comes into scene)
....Where?

She's followed by Bessie, the housekeeper. Bessie is a Negro woman, about fifty, with a lean, strong face and weary, very gentle eyes. Her little frame is stooped after a life-time of hard work, but the spirit in her is erect and quite undaunted. In a word, here is no Aunt Jemima.

BESSIE
....In front, Miz Bannister... said he wouldn't go away without he could see you.

ELSA
He didn't give you his name?

BESSIE
Jest said it was personal, ma'am, that's all he'd say.

EXT. DRIVEWAY: OVERSHOULDER SHOT

95 Elsa opens the door and sees an old battered Chevvy waiting in the drive. Michael sits at the wheel. 95

EXT. BANNISTER HOUSE

96 Bessie waits on the steps and Elsa moves down to Michael. 96

ELSA
Hello...

MICHAEL
I guess with a car like this, I should've gone 'round to the rear.

ELSA
It's yours?

MICHAEL
Goldie's. He's a friend of mine.

97 TWO SHOT ELSA AND MICHAEL 97

ELSA
You didn't go to Africa.

97 CONTINUED: 97

MICHAEL
Goldie took my berth.

ELSA
Does that mean you've changed your mind about me?

MICHAEL
Sure, I told you before -- I never decide about anything at all, till it's done with.

98 CLOSEUP ELSA 98

ELSA
(very quietly, with really tremendous sincerity)
I'm in trouble, Michael. I don't know what would have happened if you hadn't come...
(after a moment she goes on)
You had to come, didn't you, Michael?

99 CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL 99
He looks at her.

MICHAEL
I thought I'd better. You misplaced something.

He gets out of the car.

MICHAEL
I thought you'd like to have it back.

He opens the rear door.

MICHAEL
I'm returning your husband, Mrs. Bannister.

INT. CAR

100 CLOSE SHOT 100
In the back, a crumpled heap, is Harry Bannister lost in drunken dreams.

101 MEDIUM SHOT MICHAEL AND ELSA AT THE CAR 101
Bannister is quite a sight - Elsa takes it in, then turns, calling:

101 CONTINUED: 101

ELSA
Bessie!

102 MEDIUM FULL SHOT 102
Bessie comes down the steps to Elsa.

BESSIE
Yes, Miz Bannister --

Bessie sees what's in the car, quickly comes to Elsa's aid.

103 CLOSE SHOT BESSIE 103
The housekeeper struggles with Bannister's arm, trying to pull him out of the car.

BESSIE
(brisk and business-like - to Michael)
Come on, you. Help me out with this.

104 MEDIUM SHOT THE CAR AND THE HOUSE 104
With a fast, expert movement -- but not roughly -- Michael lifts Bannister out of the auto and carries him up the steps. Elsa picks up the cripple's cane, Bessie holds open the door. Michael steps back, holding the little lawyer like a sleeping child.

MICHAEL
After you, Mrs. Bannister --

Elsa looks at him, then goes into the great, marble-faced mansion.

105. TWO SHOT BESSIE AND MICHAEL 105
The housekeeper stops Michael in the doorway --

BESSIE
(under her breath)
Don't go away, Mr. Man -- She needs you --

MICHAEL
I'm going to stay.

Michael's hooked now. He carries Bannister over the threshold. Bessie closes the door after them --

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. BANNISTER HOME - THE SERVANT'S WING

106 Broome, the butler, he of the gap-toothed leer, hurries into the scene, goes to a phone, furtively lifts it off the cradle, and listens -- obviously to a conversation on another phone somewhere in the house. 106

107 CLOSE SHOT BROOME LISTENING TO PHONE 107
This Broome, as earlier noted, is by no manner of means the type of the perfect servant.

108 MEDIUM SHOT BROOME AT PHONE 108
Bessie comes down the hall, and hearing her, Broome slides the phone behind his back. Bessie gives him a suit of clothes on a hanger.

BESSIE
Take these in to the new chauffeur. Then you can get to work on all the barbecue stuff. I been after you to clean it for days.

Bessie goes off down the hall. Broome brings the phone around from behind him and listens again. We see from his expression that the phone's dead now. Broome grunts an inaudible curse, and puts it back on the cradle. Carrying the suit, he moves up the hall, CAMERA FOLLOWING HIM. He stops at a door - listens. Then he opens the door.

109 OVER-SHOULDER SHOT FAVORING MICHAEL 109
Over Broome's shoulder we see into the room. Michael has been standing at the window. As Broome enters, he turns.

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM 110

110 A tiny, sparsely furnished apartment at the rear of the house. The low raked ceiling makes Michael look even taller than he is. Broome steps quickly to Michael's side and peers out of the window. Then he grins.

FULL SHOT THE GARDEN FROM BROOME'S ANGLE 111

111 Elsa, dressed for work in a coolie hat, a blouse and a cute little pair of shorts, is seen bending over a bed of dahlias.

BROOME'S VOICE
(his voice comes o.s. over this tableau)
Enjoying the scenery, huh?

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM

112 MEDIUM SHOT 112

Michael turns on Broome, who bares his fangs in an answering leer.

BROOME
(continued)
Quite a nature lover, ain't you, Mr. O'Hara?

MICHAEL
O'Hara. Didn't I see you last night in the garage?

BROOME
I get around -- Take your chauffeur's suit, Mr. O'Hara, and try it on for size.

He hands the uniform to Michael.

113 TWO SHOT MICHAEL & BROOME 113

BROOME
(continued)
We're glad to see ya. It sure gets lonesome out here in the sticks. Specially for a dame.

Broome stops a quick movement of Michael's with one of his own toward his pocket.

BROOME
(continued)
Hold on a minute, Irish -- Eyes.

Broome brings out a bottle of scotch - good scotch.

BROOME
(continued)
Look what I got -- Bannister's best ain't none too good for us, huh?

He puts the bottle down on the table.

BROOME
(continued)
Save me a snort or two. I'll be back.

He turns at the door, flashing a parting smirk at Michael.

BROOME
(continued)
S'long, Danny Boy.

113 CONTINUED: 113

Broome goes out. Michael watches the door close, starts toward it, then stops, feeling helpless. In spite of himself, he turns back to the window.

EXT. GARDEN

114 Elsa, her arms full of flowers now, crosses towards the house. 114

EXT. MICHAEL'S WINDOW

115 SHOOTING FROM GARDEN 115

116 CLOSEUP MICHAEL'S FACE IN WINDOW 116
He watches her.

DISSOLVE TO:

117 CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL IN CAR 117
Now he's dressed in the chauffeur's uniform, and seated at the wheel of the Hispano Suiza. As in the previous shot, he's looking off scene -- much the same expression on his face.

EXT. BANNISTER'S PRIVATE BEACH

118 FULL SHOT FROM MICHAEL'S ANGLE 118
A big lonely strip of beautiful white sand. Down near the water, Elsa. She's wearing quite some bathing suit, indeed. Littered about her person are sun-tan lotions, magazines, all the usual props.

119 REVERSE ANGLE 119
Upon on the crest above the beach is the big Hispano Suiza. Michael is waiting at the wheel. CLOSE IN ON MICHAEL, watching the girl. The car radio is playing a soap opera.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
((o.s.)
-- Will Betty turn back to John if the operation is successful? Will John regain his sight? Does Ruth realize what happened in Bridgeport? Tune in --

Michael switches over to some jazz music -- hits the station very much too loud, and this makes Elsa turn -- she looks up at Michael.

120 MEDIUM SHOT ELSA ON THE BEACH 120
She hopes the loud music is a signal. Michael raises a newspaper, pretends to read it so he can't see her. She turns back. A car comes up next to Michael and stops very close -- as close as a car can get. It's on Michael's left, so that the man sitting at the wheel in the American car is next to Michael.

121 CLOSE SHOT THE MAN IN THE CAR 121
We've seen him before -- doodling dollar signs on the night club table -- a hearty, silly ass, a racquet-club glamour boy in his late orties, an expensively togged out phoney, with the look about him of always coming fresh from the barber's and the steam bath. A real pillar of cafe society, this out of Groton and Harvard, and darn lucky to be out of jail.

THE MAN
(to Michael)
Why don't you go swimming?

122 TWO SHOT THE MAN AND MICHAEL 122

MICHAEL
(turning off the radio)
Excuse me, sir?

THE MAN
Why don't you go swimming?

MICHAEL
(grimly)
I'm on duty.

THE MAN
This is your first chauffeuring job or you wouldn't take it so seriously, fella.

MICHAEL
I didn't bring a swim suit along on the job, sir.

THE MAN
You ought to the next time.

MICHAEL
There won't be a next time, sir. I'm quittin'.

THE MAN
My trunks should fit you. The green ones. You'll find 'em in the locker back at the house.

Michael doesn't know what to make of this anymore than we do.

123 CLOSEUP THE MAN 123
He answers Michael's puzzled look.

THE MAN
I'm George Grisby -- the Grisby of Grisby & Bannister. My partner tells me you once killed a man. I don't want to seem too inquisitive, but when did that happen?

MICHAEL
(taking his time to answer the queer question)
At Murcia.

123 CONTINUED: 123

GRISBY
How did you do it? Forgive me for asking - or anyway, let me guess -- you killed him with your hands, didn't you?

Michael doesn't answer. There is no sound for a while except the breakers spending themselves on the beach in front of Elsa.

124 TWO SHOT GRISBY AND MICHAEL 124

GRISBY
Does it ever bother you thinking about it?

MICHAEL
No.

GRISBY
What did he do to you?

MICHAEL
Nothing.

GRISBY
(giggles, then changes his tack. Almost lecherously)
Just killed him for the fun of it?

125 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 125

MICHAEL
He was a Franco spy. There was a war on at the time.

126 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND GRISBY 126

GRISBY
That means it wasn't murder, I suppose....

The SOUND of the waves again during another pause.

GRISBY
(continuing)
Would you do it again?....

More waves.

126 CONTINUED: 126

GRISBY
Would you mind killing another man?

MICHAEL
(grimly patient)
I'd kill another Franco spy.

GRISBY
(with a grin)
I was on a pro-Franco Committee, fella, during the Spanish War. Would you kill me if I gave you the chance?

PAN FROM CLOSEUP OF MICHAEL TO THE SEA. Michael's eyes go to the sea. It's as though he were watching something -- not the girl -- something way out on the horizon.

127 CLOSEUP GRISBY 127
Grisby follows his look, sees nothing, turns back.

GRISBY
I may give you the chance.

Another breaker crashes on the beach.

128 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND GRISBY 128
Elsa calls up from the beach.

ELSA'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Michael.

They both look.

129 FULL SHOT ELSA ON BEACH 129
She hasn't risen, but she's turned around. We hear her voice again.

ELSA
Michael.

GRISBY'S VOICE
(o.s.)
She's calling for you.

ELSA
Bring down the lunch, please.

130 MEDIUM SHOT MICHAEL AND GRISBY 130
Michael gets out of the car.

MICHAEL
Yes, ma'am.

He takes a wicker basket from the side of the driver's seat.

GRISBY
(smirking)
Is there enough for two?

Michael stops, not looking at Grisby at his shoulder or at Elsa waiting for him down at the beach.

MICHAEL
(in a tight voice)
I'm sure I don't know, sir. Why don't you ask Mrs. Bannister.

GRISBY
(leaning out of the car window, speaking into Michael's ear)
Why don't you?

MICHAEL
(politely)
Would you like a good paste in the eye, sir?

131 FULL SHOT ELSA ON BEACH TAKING IN GRISBY AND MICHAEL 131
Elsa has risen. Now she sees Grisby and waves.

ELSA
(without much enthusiasm)
Hello, George.

GRISBY
(returns the wave)
Hi!

ELSA
(shading her eyes)
What are you doing out here?

GRISBY
(calling back)
Giving Michael a message.

She stands for a moment looking at him and then runs into the surf.

132 MEDIUM SHOT GRISBY AND MICHAEL

GRISBY
(to Michael)
I wish she'd ask me to go swimming.

Michael turns back to the car and gets out a thermos bottle.

GRISBY
(continuing)
She'll ask you, wait and see.

Michael turns on Grisby, about to answer or do something about it, but Elsa's voice, o.s. stops him.

ELSA'S VOICE
(o.s.,calling)
Michael!

133 FULL SHOT BEACH FROM MICHAEL'S ANGLE 133
Elsa is knee-deep in the water.

134 MEDIUM SHOT GRISBY AND MICHAEL 134

MICHAEL
Coming, Mrs. Bannister.

GRISBY
No need to hurry....

Grisby starts up his car.

GRISBY
(continuing)
She'll wait for you.

The car starts to back away.

135 MOVING SHOT MICHAEL 135
Michael, burning, moves slowly down onto the beach with the picnic lunch. CAMERA CRANES WITH HIM as he puts the basket down with the girl's other things. Then we see her legs come into the scene, wet from the sea. CAMERA PANS UP as Michael straightens, and the frame takes in Elsa. She wears a terry cloth beach robe. Her portable radio is squeaking out an extremely unpleasant singing commercial. OVER this, the crash of the breakers.....Then, from the radio, something slow and sultry and South American....

136 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND ELSA 136
They look at each other.

137 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 137

MICHAEL
Do all rich women play games like this?

138 TWO SHOT ELSA AND MICHAEL 158
Elsa stands before him without moving and making no answer.

MICHAEL
(continuing)
You're going to have to get yourself somebody else, Mrs. Bannister.

Elsa very slowly moves right up to Michael until her wet bathing suit touches his clothes.

ELSA
Call me Rosaleen.

Michael slaps her hard.

139 CLOSEUP ELSA 139
She doesn't flinch. Moistness starts into her eyes. Then she speaks under her breath.

ELSA
I didn't think you'd do that.

140 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND ELSA 140

MICHAEL
Neither did I.

141 CLOSEUP ELSA 141

ELSA
(searching his eyes)
You're scared.

142 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 142
We see that he <u>is</u> scared!

MICHAEL
I'm not sorry....

142 CONTINUED: 142

ELSA
I'm scared too....

At this, something changes in Michael's eyes.

143 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND ELSA 143

ELSA
(speaking very quickly)
Please don't kiss me!

Then Michael's eyes harden again.

MICHAEL
You think that's the way you're going to get me to do it -- by telling me not to?

ELSA
(still very quickly, and really meaning what she says)
Please don't kiss me....

MICHAEL
I won't.

144 CLOSEUP ELSA 144
The words break out of her as though she couldn't stop them.... as though something damned up inside of her suddenly can't be stopped.

ELSA
I was eighteen. My mother was sick-- really sick. She needed hospitals and doctors...expensive ones. He was kind..then....and he had money.

145 CLOSEUP REACTION SHOT MICHAEL 145

146 CLOSEUP ELSA 146

ELSA
(a desperate whisper)
I never loved Harry -- .

147 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND ELSA 147

MICHAEL
Did you care for any of the others -- the others beside me you hired to drive you to the beach and -- console you?

A tear falls on Elsa's face but she doesn't look away.

ELSA
I wish I could hate you.

MICHAEL
It's easy.

ELSA
(suddenly almost angry)
I'm not what you think I am -- I just try to be like that -- I just try.

MICHAEL
Go on trying. But leave me out of it.

Michael wants to turn, to leave, but finds he can't. His lip trembles. Her whole body is shaking. She speaks now like a little girl lost in the dark.

ELSA
Michael, what are we scared of?

He crushes her wet body against him, kisses her brutally. There's the sharp noise of an auto horn. They break and look up ---.

148 FULL SHOT THE RIDGE ABOVE THE BEACH FROM THEIR ANGLE 148
Grisby's car, moving slowly, circles around in front of them. He sounds the horn again, derisively, and waves. Then he drives off.

149 MEDIUM SHOT MICHAEL AND ELSA ON BEACH REACTION

QUICK FADE OUT:

INT. BANNISTER'S STUDY - EVENING

150 Bannister is in his favorite chair by the window. Grisby stands nearby. The door opens and Michael enters. 150

BANNISTER
I'd like to talk to you, Michael.

MICHAEL
Yes, sir.

BANNISTER
Mr. Grisby has just told me something I'm very sorry to hear.

Behind Michael, Bessie comes through the open door with a glass of water and Bannister's bottle of pills.

BESSIE
Time for yo' medicine, sir....
Your coffee's on the way, Mr. Grisby.

GRISBY
Thanks, Bessie.

BANNISTER
Will you please ask Mrs. Bannister to come in for a moment.

BESSIE
Yes, sir.

She goes out. There follows an uneasy pause. Finally, Bannister speaks:

BANNISTER
You've met Mr. Grisby, Michael?

GRISBY
We've spoken together.

Another pause...Then Elsa appears in the door.

BANNISTER
Sit down, lover.

She does so.

BANNISTER
(continued)
This really concerns you more than anybody else. George here brought me some news about Michael...

151 CLOSEUP ELSA 151

BANNISTER O.S.
(continued)
.....Maybe you can help...

152 CLOSEUP BANNISTER 152

BANNISTER
(continued)
....According to George, Michael is anxious to leave.
(to Elsa)
Did you know about that?

153 CLOSEUP ELSA 153

ELSA
No, I didn't.

154 MEDIUM SHOT THE FOURSOME 154

BANNISTER
I should have thought Michael would have talked to you about it. Perhaps we can make things easier for him. What's wrong, Michael? Are the hours too long?

MICHAEL
No, sir.

BANNISTER
How about the money? Suppose we gave you a raise?

MICHAEL
I don't care about that.

155 CLOSEUP BANNISTER 155

BANNISTER
(rather sharply)
Money doesn't seem to interest you, Michael. Are you independently wealthy?

156 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 156

MICHAEL
I'm independent.

157 CLOSEUP BANNISTER 157

BANNISTER
Of money? Before you start that novel Elsa says you're going to write, you'd better learn something. You've been travelling too much to find out anything about the world.

158 MEDIUM SHOT BANNISTER'S STUDY 158
Bessie comes in with a house-maid, bringing coffee things and brandy. CAMERA DOLLIES IN TO CLOSEUP OF MICHAEL as he speaks.

MICHAEL
Well, sir, I've always found it very sanitary to be broke.

Bessie places coffee before him.

BANNISTER
Thanks, Bessie...
(he takes a sip of coffee)
...Money cannot bring you health and happiness, et cetera, is that it?
(he puts the cup down)
Listen, without money I'd be flat on my back in the ward of a county hospital. Look at this house...

CAMERA DOLLIES IN TO CLOSEUP OF BANNISTER

BANNISTER
(continued)
It once belonged to Jules Bachrach, the great Bachrach, who kept me out of his club because my mother was a Manchester Greek. I got him on perjury. He died bankrupt and here I am. Each man has his own idea of happiness, of course, but money's what all of us have in common.

159 CLOSEUP BESSIE 159

BANNISTER O.S.
(continued)
Bessie here -- she worked for Bachrach...
I pay her more...don't I, Bessie?

BESSIE
Yes, Mr. Bannister

160 CLOSEUP BANNISTER 160

BANNISTER
(continued)
Her salary means the happiness of a home in Harlem. Three rooms for two families.....

161 CLOSEUP BESSIE 161

BANNISTER O.S.
(continued)
Bessie's a grandmother and a widow and only one of the boys is working...

162 MEDIUM SHOT BANNISTER'S STUDY 162

BANNISTER
(continued)
.....So Bessie goes to church every Sunday she gets off and prays to God she'll never be too old to earn one hundred and sixty dollars a month.
(with a long, cold look at Michael)
You call yourself independent.....
Come around and see me five years from now.

Bannister rises painfully to his feet. His cane falls to the floor.

163 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND BANNISTER 163
Michael picks up the cane, Bannister takes it from him, white-lipped.

163 CONTINUED: 163

BANNISTER
(continued)
(he catches his breath)
Meanwhile, your two weeks' notice is accepted. And now, Mr. Grisby wants you to take him back to town in the boat.

164 MEDIUM SHOT BANNISTER'S STUDY 164
Bannister turns to Elsa.

BANNISTER
(continued)
But perhaps we ought to have Elsa's permission?

ELSA
Why ask me?

Bannister just looks at her.

ELSA
(continued)
Get the boat ready, Michael.

MICHAEL
Yes, ma'am. I'll be at the dock, Mr. Grisby. Is that all Mrs. Bannister?

ELSA
That's all, Michael...You can go.

Michael leaves. Grisby raises his coffee cup, watching Elsa ---

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BANNISTER KITCHEN

165 Bessie is at the sink. Michael comes through the pantry door taking the chauffeur's cap off a hook. He crosses the kitchen on his way out -- then stops, and turns back to the housekeeper. 165

165 CONTINUED: 165

MICHAEL
Bessie, why do youstand for that?
I'm quitting, why don't you?

166 CLOSEUP BESSIE 166

BESSIE
(furiously angry)
You heard him, Mr. Post. I need
the money.

167 TWO SHOT BESSIE AND MICHAEL 167

MICHAEL
I'm sorry...

She turns to the sink and makes herself busy there.

MICHAEL
(continued)
Can't you get work anywhere else?

BESSIE
Maybe...

CAMERA FOLLOWS MICHAEL over to the window.

168 CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL 168

MICHAEL
Am I insane? I must be. Or else this
is a crazy house! -- All this talk of
money and murder. The double meanin's
to everythin' that's said...

169 CLOSE SHOT BESSIE 169

BESSIE
(numbly)
I know -- That's why I can't leave.
That poor little child he married...

170 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND BESSIE 170
Michael turns. The old woman looks up into his face.

BESSIE
(continued)
....I'm scare for her.

DISSOLVE TO:

NEW YORK HARBOR - NIGHT

171 FULL SHOT 171
A luscious melon of a moon hangs over Manhattan. In the sequin train of its light a swanky speedboat is seen approaching shore.

LOWER NEW YORK BY MOONLIGHT

172 FULL SHOT 172

173 UPSHOT: AN IMPRESSIVE NOCTURNAL PANORAMA OF THE SKYLINE. 173

GRISBY'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Ever think what a job just one atom bomb could do to those buildings?

174 MEDIUM TWO SHOT (PROCESS) GRISBY AND MICHAEL IN THE SPEED-174
BOAT COMING INTO DOCK
A strange look is in Grisby's face. Feeling Michael's eyes, he turns to him with a smile, forcing a brisk, businesslike tone:

GRISBY
(cont'd.)
I usually stop in at the office for a little night work, -- I like the quiet....Mind walking with me, fella? I want to make you a proposition.

Michael has made the boat fast. He gives Grisby a hand up on to the dock.

GRISBY
(cont'd.)
Thanks.....

He looks up at the black buildings above him again, a little sweat showing on his forehead.

175 MEDIUM TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND GRISBY 175

GRISBY
(cont'd.)
Think the world's coming to an end.

MICHAEL
Well, there was a start to it sometime, so I guess there'll be a stop.

175 CONTINUED: 175

GRISBY
(glassy-eyed, still looking up at the spired city above)
This'll be the first to go.....
One bomb -- and no more New York.

He looks down at Michael and starts out of the scene. Michael not knowing what to make of all this, follows.

176 MEDIUM TRUCKING SHOT GRISBY AND MICHAEL 176
Their feet sound like drums in the empty street.

GRISBY
(cont'd.)
....It's coming -- The bomb....
It's got to come....

MICHAEL
(with a wry smile)
I prefer to be elsewhere when it does.

GRISBY
I will be. I'm making sure I won't be around. That's what I need you for, Michael: To see to it that I'm not around.

He stops, looking up.

GRISBY
(cont'd.)
The twenty-third floor....

177 FULL SHOT A TALL BUSINESS BUILDING - FROM THEIR ANGLE - 177
LOOKING BLACK AND DISTORTED IN THE NIGHT.

GRISBY'S VOICE
(o.s.)
That's where he stood.

178 TWO SHOT GRISBY AND MICHAEL 178

MICHAEL
Who was that, sir?

178 CONTINUED: 178

GRISBY
That suicide. You remember the case. It was in all the papers. Pictures of him standing there on the ledge. My office window's there, just opposite. I sat and watched him that whole night. A hot night it was, like this one now. He was in shirt sleeves. He looked like a white flag....

179 CLOSE UP GRISBY 179

GRISBY
...But he didn't surrender, after all. Eighteen hours he was up there. They had priests and ministers leaning out of the windows and hanging by ropes preaching and pleading. They lowered food to him and champagne...

180 CLOSE UP MICHAEL 180

GRISBY
(o.s.)
They even got a pretty girl where he could see her and hear what she said. I don't know what she promised him if he'd come on back inside.

181 CLOSE UP GRISBY 181

GRISBY
But nothing in this world was enough. They stretched nets over the street.... But he was smart -- He got away from them.

182 TWO SHOT GRISBY AND MICHAEL 182

GRISBY
(cont'd.)
It cost the city more than one hundred thousand dollars to try to persuade that man to stay alive. But he knew better.
(pointing)
That's where he landed, -- there. He was too smart. So am I. How would you like five thousand dollars, Michael?

183 CLOSE UP MICHAEL 183

MICHAEL
(his tone that of the healthy man speaking to a sick one)
I'd like it, sir. What do I have to do for it?

184 CLOSE UP GRISBY 184

GRISBY
I'll give you the details tomorrow. Meanwhile, think it over. Five thousand dollars, Michael....it's yours. All you have to do is kill somebody.

185

185 TWO SHOT GRISBY AND MICHAEL

MICHAEL
Who, Mr. Grisby? I'm particular who I murder.

GRISBY
(with an approving smile)
Good boy.

MICHAEL
I wouldn't like to kill just anybody -- Is it someone I know?

GRISBY
(pleased with his secret)
Oh, yes. But you'll never guess...

MICHAEL
I give up.

186 CLOSE UP GRISBY 186

GRISBY
It's me.

187 CLOSE UP REACTION MICHAEL 187
He can't believe he heard right.

188 TWO SHOT GRISBY AND MICHAEL 188

GRISBY
(cont'd.)
I'm perfectly sober, Michael...I'm willing to pay five thousand if the job's well done.

Michael just stares at him.

GRISBY
(cont'd.)
This is a straight-forward business offer: I want you to kill me.

A moment's pause, then Grisby turns and goes into his office building.

GRISBY
(cont'd.) (with a parting smile)
Goodnight, fella....

189 CLOSE UP REACTION MICHAEL 189
On his reaction to this we:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

190 FULL SHOT BANNISTER'S BEACH 190
Michael makes the boat fast. Then turns to go ashore. He stops, startled.

191 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT ELSA 191
Elsa in a white bathing suit is standing on the ladder on the other side of the landing. She's come up from the water and waited quietly for Michael to pass her.

192 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND ELSA 192

MICHAEL
A bit late, isn't it, for swimming?

Elsa smiles at him.

ELSA
No, it's nice.

Michael doesn't smile back. She climbs up off the ladder.

196 CONTINUED: 196

ELSA (CONT'D.)
....if I swallowed all of them, if maybe they wouldn't kill my pain, -- the pain of just being alive.....

197 CLOSE UP MICHAEL 197

MICHAEL
(with angry humor)
Sure, Grisby wants me to do the job for him! Grisby wants me to kill Grisby!

He throws the cigarette into the water.

MICHAEL
(cont'd.)
I think he's out of his mind.

198 MEDIUM TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND ELSA 198

ELSA
(still very serious)
He is...He's not really sane, anyway. Neither's Harry.

MICHAEL
(grim now)
Your husband can take care of himself.

Suddenly seeing something off screen. Addressing it sharply: --

MICHAEL
What do you want?

Elsa screams.

199 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT BROOME STANDING IN THE SHADOW OF THE LOCKER SHED 199

BROOME
Just taking a stroll. Beautiful moon...Nice night for it. Ain't it, Mr. O'Hara?

192 CONTINUED: 192

ELSA
I couldn't sleep --

193 CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL 193
He turns and starts away. Her voice stops him.

ELSA (cont.) O.S.
-- Michael ...

MICHAEL
Yes?

194 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND ELSA 194

ELSA.
Did George say anything about us?

MICHAEL
No, he's very interested in dying....

195 MEDIUM SHOT MICHAEL AND ELSA 195
With a sigh Michael relaxes against the railing lighting a cigarette.

MICHAEL
He's afraid the world's going to explode -- He talked about suicide.

He takes a deep breath of smoke, exhales it slowly, looking past Elsa up at the moon. She's curled up with a towel on a pile of cushions.

ELSA
I've thought of that myself sometimes...Do you think it's wrong Michael?

He goes on looking past her at the moon.

ELSA (cont.)
Would you kill yourself if you had to?

MICHAEL
If I had to.

196 CLOSE UP ELSA 196

ELSA
You know I've looked at those pills of Harry's so many times, -- the ones he takes to kill the pain, and wondered

200 CLOSE UP MICHAEL 200
Michael glowers at him.

201 CLOSE SHOT BROOME 201

BROOME
(cont'd.)
You didn't answer me, Mr. O'Hara. You ought to speak when you're spoken to. I'd hate to hafta report you to the lady's husband... I said it's a nice night for it.

202 MEDIUM THREE SHOT MICHAEL, ELSA, BROOME 202
Without any warning movement Michael socks him. And as we've seen before, Michael can sock hard. With a little whining grunt Broome plunks down on the wooden pier, and stays there inert. Clinging to her beach-robe, Elsa runs off scene.

203 MEDIUM SHOT THE ROAD ABOVE BANNISTER'S BEACH - NIGHT 203
Elsa is seen running, a white exclamation point of terror on the dark road. Then she stops.

204 MEDIUM SHOT ELSA LOOKING TEARFULLY ABOUT HER. 204
She sees the car, its door open. She jumps in. After a moment Michael enters the scene. He starts to the chauffeur's seat, but turns in spite of himself and stands at the door. Looking in! --

MICHAEL
Stop cryin'

From within the car we hear a muffled sob.

MICHEAL (cont'd.)
(furiously)
I can't stand for you to cry --

Another sob.

MICHEAL (cont'd.)
Hear me?.....

Beside himself, Michael jumps into the back.

INT. CAR

205 Elsa is huddled in the corner, her head buried in the cushion of the seat, her little body shaking. He sits at the edge of the seat for a long minute looking at her quite helplessly, then lays a well intentioned, clumsy hand on her shoulder. She turns on him wildly:

205 CONTINUED: 205

ELSA
You fool! Don't you know that only makes everything worse! You can't solve anything by knocking people down!

MICHAEL
(with quiet gravity)
But sure, he's a wicked man entirely.

ELSA
(biting her words out through her sobs)
And I'm the princess in the fairy book... So you hit him and make a pretty speech to me and we ride off together into the sunset....

206 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 206

MICHAEL
(after a second, with a tentative grin)
Well, why don't we?

207 CLOSEUP ELSA 207

ELSA
(looking into his eyes)
Why don't we what?

208 CLOSE TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND ELSA 208

MICHAEL
Ride off together -- into the sunset? It's been done, you know, by real live people. That's where they get the ideas for the books.

ELSA
Books aren't like people. People try to act like books.

MICHAEL
Oh, no, Rosaleen, people are better than books.

208 CONTINUED: 208

ELSA
Or worse. What about me? You don't know what I'm like. I hope you never find out. You'd better go before you do. Keep your dream, -- ride off into your sunset by yourself and look for windmills. I don't want to hurt you, Michael.

209 CLOSEUP ELSA 209

ELSA (cont'd.)
I'm afraid for you....You don't belong here.

210 CLOSE TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND ELSA 210

ELSA (cont'd.)
We're different than you are, Michael. Horribly different. You're alive. We're dead...All of us are dead already! Please go away, Michael, before it's too late.

BROOME'S VOICE O.S.
Too late for what?

211 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT BROOME'S HEAD, FRAMED IN THE CAR WINDOW. HE GRINS PHOSPHERESCENTLY 211

212 TIGHT SHOT BROOME, MICHAEL AND ELSA 212
Michael stiffens. She puts out a hand to stop him. He gets up slowly. Quickly Broome backs away as Michael opens the car door.

EXT. CAR

213 MEDIUM SHOT 213
Michael gets out. Looks at Broome. Closes the car door and moves slowly, wordlessly to the wheel. He starts the engine and drives off.

214 CLOSE SHOT BROOME 214
In the moonlight he looks like a gargoyle leering after the departing car.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

215 FULL SHOT: NEW YORK HARBOR (NEAR THE BATTERY): DAY. 215
The Bannister speed-boat roars into the scene, then slows down approaching the dock: Michael is piloting the boss to his office.

216

216 MEDIUM TWO SHOT: MICHAEL & BANNISTER IN THE BOAT (PROCESS)
Over the water from the city comes the muttering traffic of lower Wall Street on a business day.

BANNISTER
Got a cigarette?

Michael slows the boat almost to a stop and gets out a package of cigarettes for Bannister.

BANNISTER
Match?

Michael strikes one for him.

BANNISTER (Cont'd.)
(as he gets the light)
You're quite an exceptional fellow, aren't you, Michael -- What are you after? My wife?

217 CLOSE UP MICHAEL 217
Michael looks straight ahead, very chauffeur-like

MICHAEL
Isn't this where you dock, Mr. Bannister?

218 CLOSE UP BANNISTER 218
Bannister goes on after a second:

BANNISTER
You don't want to talk about it, of course, and I respect the delicacy of your feelings, but don't you think you owe me an answer? After all, I'm the husband.

Still no word from Michael.

BANNISTER
(cont)
Would you call yourself an honest man?

219 CLOSE UP MICHAEL 219

MICHAEL
I wouldn't call myself a thief....
You might say I'm not in the market.

220 CLOSE UP BANNISTER 220

BANNISTER
The market -- What's that?
(giving him a sharp quizzical look)

221 MEDIUM SHOT THE DOCK 221
Grisby is standing by the pilings.

GRISBY
(with a vacant grin)
Morning, Harry.

222 MEDIUM SHOT BANNISTER & MICHAEL IN THE BOAT (PROCESS) 222

BANNISTER
(his cheery tone equally blank)
What you doing here at the docks, George?

223 MEDIUM SHOT THE DOCKS 223
Grisby watches the boat as it comes into the scene.

GRISBY
(calling)
I need Michael's help for something. Can I borrow him for a few minutes?

BANNISTER
Why not?

224 TWO SHOT MICHAEL & BANNISTER (PROCESS) 224

BANNISTER
(quietly to Michael)
The market? -- You mean aren't buying anything? Or are you telling me you aren't for sale?

224 CONTINUED: 224

MICHAEL
(carefully)
I don't need to make any deals.

225 MEDIUM SHOT THE SPEED-BOAT 225
Michael edges the boat along the side of the dock.

226 TWO SHOT: BANNISTER & MICHAEL 226

BANNISTER
A crust of bread and the open road and the song of the thrush at twilight, that's all you want, isn't it? You'll wake up out of your dream, Romantic Mike....

227 CLOSE UP BANNISTER 227

BANNISTER
(cont)
You'll want something and you'll pay for it. You'll go to the market like any other fat little pig or hungry farmer and you'll make your deal.

228 MEDIUM SHOT THE SPEED-BOAT 228
Still holding the wheel, Michael stands up and tosses a line to the dock attendant.

BANNISTER
(cont; looking up at him)
But your kind always gets the worst of it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE BANK (DOWNTOWN) THE SAFETY DEPOSIT VAULT.

229 The regulation lay-out. All icy-glistening and very formidable. 229
Grisby is removing his safety deposit box as Michael watches. CAMERA TRUCKS with Grisby as he brings the box to one of the tables in the center of the vault. Grisby takes in Michael's discomfort with a side-long smirk.

229 CONTINUED: 229

GRISBY
She wants to leave him, you know.

MICHAEL
Who?

GRISBY
Now, don't act dumb, fella. .... Elsa's never had any kind of life with Harry. That's no secret. He can't hold her any longer.
(counting money)
Three, four, five. Five thousand.

Grisby gives the wad of bills to Michael, locks the safe deposit box, and takes it back to its place.

GRISBY
(Cont; speaking to the Guard)
How you been Pete?

THE GUARD
Fine, thanks. Looks like another hot day.

230 TWO SHOT GRISBY & MICHAEL 230
Grisby turns to Michael.

GRISBY
(to Michael)
You've got the money, haven't you, Michael?

MICHAEL
(bewildered)
Yes, sir.

Michael crosses and hands the money to Grisby.

During this:

GRISBY
(loudly, to the guard)
It's got to let up soon. What we need's a good rain.

Puts the money in his pocket, and starts away.

230 CONTINUED: 230

GRISBY
(Cont; quietly to Michael)
She doesn't love him. If you want the truth of it, she hates him. ....well, she's not alone in that. Come on, fella.

Michael, sore and puzzled, follows.

DISSOLVE:

INT. BANNISTER'S PRIVATE OFFICE

231 Bannister closes the door behind Broome. 231

BANNISTER
(coldly furious)
I told you not to see me here.

BROOME
This is important, Harry.

BANNISTER
I won't be satisfied without real evidence.

He limps over to his desk.

232 CLOSE UP BANNISTER 232

BANNISTER
(Cont.)
What I really want is photographs. It's the new chauffeur, of course....

233 OVER SHOULDER SHOT -- FAVORING BROOME 233
Broome crosses to the desk.

BROOME
(urgently)
You can stop worryin' about your wife findin' herself a boy friend, Harry. I got something <u>real</u> for you to fret over. This is hot.

234 CLOSE UP BROOME 234
He finds it hard to say this next:

BROOME
(Cont)
---The way I figure it's worth a little extra dough.

235 TIGHT TWO SHOT BROOME AND BANNISTER 235
Bannister takes this in; finally speaks with an icily sweet smile:

BANNISTER
The old shakedown--?
Why, Sid, you ought to know I wouldn't go for a shakedown!

236 CLOSE UP BROOME 236
He covers up by trying belligerence.

BROOME
When you hear what I got for ya, you'll say you bought it cheap.

237 TIGHT TWO SHOT: BROOME AND BANNISTER 237

BANNISTER
(sighing)
You've worked a lot of cases for me, Sid. I'll be sorry if we have to make this one the last.

BROOME
(now completely on the defensive)
But, Mr. Bannister, this is <u>hot</u>!

238 CLOSE UP BANNISTER

BANNISTER
There's a plot against my life -- Correct? I'm going to be murdered...Isn't that the information you're peddling?

239 CLOSE UP BROOME - REACTION 239
His jaw is hanging foolishly by now --

240 CLOSE UP BANNISTER 240

BANNISTER
(Cont)
I'm going to be killed ---

241 TWO SHOT: BANNISTER & BROOME 241
Bannister tilts back in his swivel chair.

BANNISTER
(Cont)
Why, Sid, don't you think I know about it? All about it?

Still leaning back in his chair:

BANNISTER
(Cont; his voice quiet but the tone threatening and really dangerous)
Go on now, beat it! And don't let me see you anywhere except where you belong... Unless you've got some news.

242 CLOSE UP BROOME 242
On his goggle-eyed reaction we --

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. BANNISTER'S PRIVATE BEACH - NIGHT

243 FULL SHOT 243
Portable barbecue wagons are in full blaze. Bessie is supervising with Broome; a house-man and a first maid helping. In evidence are all the gadgets ever sold by Abercrombie & Fitch. Near the water, a camp-fire, on which Elsa is doing some secondary cooking. Beside her Bannister, propped against one of those portable backrests used generally on the beaches for sunbathing. He's been doing some more serious drinking. Across from him is Grisby, surrounded by neat little buckets of ice, elaborate fitted cases of the best leather with silver flasks and cups, horn-handled corkscrews and every costly thing conceivable for the manufacture of cocktails.

244 THREE SHOT GRISBY, BANNISTER, ELSA 244
Grisby right now is busy with a shaker, his flushed face announcing the effects of his own bartending. In spite of Elsa's remonstrances, Grisby is careful at all times to see that his partner's glass is kept filled. Nor is Bannister unaware of this. He knows that Grisby likes to get him drunk, but he finds in this some private brand of his own black and bitter pleasure. Maybe Bannister is so very fond of disaster; that even when it involves himself he enjoys it.

GRISBY (cont)
Time for another, Harry?

BANNISTER
(holding out his glass)
Time for another.

245 CLOSE SHOT ELSA 245
She fiddles with the radio and gets some music. Cocktail lounge jazz. Torchy but unobtrusive. She tunes it down so it's just loud enough for her to listen. She doesn't look at either of the men.

246 CLOSE UP BANNISTER 246

BANNISTER
Funny,----------

He takes a long drink.

247 THREE SHOT BANNISTER, GRISBY, ELSA (cont) 247

ELSA
(no tone in her voice)
What's funny?

247 CONTINUED: 247

BANNISTER
(lowering his glass)
Michael seems to think you're the one who persuaded me to hire him. Actually it was George.

GRISBY
That's right, Harry.

248 CLOSEUP ELSA 248
With a sharp look at Grisby:

ELSA
You don't usually take George's advice.

249 CLOSEUP BANNISTER 249

BANNISTER
Nobody takes George's advice -- But I wanted to see your doughty rescuer for myself, Elsa. I didn't really mean to give the Irish Superman a job, but he went and got me drunk. That's what George wants to do now. But George is only a broken-down playboy.

He finishes the drink with satisfaction.

BANNISTER (cont)
I can outdrink George.

250 CLOSEUP GRISBY 250

GRISBY
Yes, Michael told me he was quitting. Try to make him change his mind, Harry.

251 CLOSEUP ELSA 251

ELSA
Why? Why shouldn't he go if he wants to?

252 THREE SHOT BANNISTER, GRISBY, ELSA 252

BANNISTER
George likes to have him around, lover. Michael is so big and strong. He makes a good bodyguard for you. Isn't that what you said, George?

252 CONTINUED: 252

GRISBY
Right, Harry.

ELSA
I don't need a bodyguard.

253 CLOSE UP BANNISTER 253

BANNISTER
Not even a big , strong bodyguard, lover, with an Irish brogue?

254 TWO SHOT BANNISTER & ELSA 254

ELSA
Please, Harry --

BANNISTER
And when you feel like cruising around the park again, you wouldn't have to be alone ---

255 THREE SHOT GRISBY, BANNISTER, ELSA 255

ELSA
(to Grisby)
Don't make another drink, Harry's had enough.
(tight-voiced)
I'm getting a new chauffeur, that settles it. Now let's talk about something else...

BANNISTER
George thinks Michael's fallen for you. And that makes me unhappy -- George hopes.

256 CLOSEUP GRISBY 256

BANNISTER (cont) O.S.
But George is wrong again.

GRISBY
(with blank-eyed innocence)
Harry, I didn't say anything about Michael and Elsa.

257 THREE SHOT GRISBY, BANNISTER, ELSA 257

BANNISTER
George is always wrong. Make us another cocktail, George.

257 CONTINUED: 257

GRISBY
(with mechanical charm, repeating an old party whooze of his)
Another Grisby Special -- coming up!

ELSA
Please --

258 CLOSEUP BANNISTER 258

BANNISTER
You're a stupid fool, George, but you ought to realize that I don't mind a bit if my chauffeur's in love with my wife. He's young. She's young. He's strong. She's beautiful.

259 CLOSEUP ELSA 259
She rises to her feet.

BANNISTER O.S.
Sit down, darling.

260 CLOSEUP BANNISTER 260
He goes on looking up at her, his little beads of eyes agleam in the firelight.

BANNISTER
Where's your sense of humor?

261 CLOSE SHOT ELSA 261

ELSA
I don't have to sit there and hear you talk like that, Harry --

BANNISTER O.S.
(without much emphasis, but with lots of authority)
Oh, yes, you do, lover.

Presently Elsa sits down.

262 THREE SHOT GRISBY, BANNISTER, ELSA 262

GRISBY
Here's your drink, Harry. Now you leave Elsa alone.

263 CLOSEUP BANNISTER 263
Not looking away from Elsa, he takes the fresh cocktail from Grisby.

BANNISTER
Queer....come to think of it, it's very queer.....

264 CLOSEUP GRISBY 264

GRISBY
What's queer, Harry?

265 THREE SHOT GRISBY, BANNISTER, ELSA 265

BANNISTER
Why doesn't Michael want to work here?

ELSA
(staring into the fire)
Why would anybody want to work here? Why would anybody want to live around us?

BANNISTER
(his voice thickening now with drink)
Where's his sense of adventure?

266 MEDIUM SHOT THE BEACH 266

BANNISTER (cont)
(calling)
Broome! -- Broome!

Broome appears out of the darkness.

BROOME
Yes, Mr. Bannister.

BANNISTER
Is Michael waiting in the car?

BROOME
Yes, sir.

BANNISTER
Ask him to step over here for a moment, will you, Broome?

BROOME
Yes, sir.

Broome walks up the beach to the car, CAMERA FOLLOWING. Michael sits at the wheel.

267 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND BROOME 267

BROOME
They want to see you.

Without answering, Michael gets out of the car. In silence he goes down to the campfire, CAMERA FOLLOWING.

268 MEDIUM SHOT BANNISTER, GRISBY, ELSA 268
The girl still stares into the fire. The men are watching the chauffeur as he comes into the scene. Michael stands by them for a time before anything is said.

BANNISTER
Well, Michael?

MICHAEL
Well, Mr. Bannister.

BANNISTER
My wife's lost her sense of humor, Michael, and you've lost your sense of adventure. She says you're quitting.

269 CLOSE UP MICHAEL 269

MICHAEL
That's right, sir.

270 CLOSE UP BANNISTER 270

BANNISTER
Sit down and have a drink, Michael. I'll go on calling you Michael, if I may? You call me Harry.

271 MEDIUM SHOT THE FOURSOME 271
There is an embarrassed pause....

BANNISTER (cont)
Make him a cocktail, George, and don't look so shocked. Michael may not be in the Social Register, but then, neither are you -- anymore. If he isn't working for us, it's quite proper for Michael to join the family circle. And since I've invited him, it would be quite incorrect for Michael to refuse...Take off your coat, Michael, and be comfortable.

271 CONTINUED: 271

And sure enough, Michael takes off his coat, with very deliberate gestures. Grisby hands him up a glass.

GRISBY
Here's your drink, fella.

Slowly and easily Michael sits down by the fire. Then he takes the cocktail.

MICHAEL
Thank you, Mr. Grisby.

BANNISTER
You can call him George.

MICHAEL
I'd rather not.

BANNISTER
Call him what you like. He won't do anything about it. George used to be some sort of athlete -- you know, polo and rhumba...But George is too fat nowadays to object to anything. At the Stork Club I hear even the busboys insult him.

Michael looks from one to the other.

MICHAEL
Is this what you folks do for amusement in the evenin's -- Sit around toastin' marshmallows and callin' each other names?

Nobody answers.

272 CLOSE UP MICHAEL 272

MICHAEL (cont)
Sure, if you're anxious for me to join the game, I'll be glad to. I can think of a few names I'd like to be callin' you myself.

273 MEDIUM SHOT THE FOURSOME 273

BANNISTER
Oh, but Michael, that isn't fair.

MICHAEL
It isn't fair -- and why not?

273 CONTINUED: 273

BANNISTER
You're bound to lose the contest. We'll have to give you a handicap, Michael. You don't know enough about us.

274 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 274

MICHAEL
I know enough.

275 CLOSE SHOT BANNISTER 275

BANNISTER
I doubt it. You ought to know what George knows about me, for instance, if you really want to call me names. Of course, my partner's very considerate of my feelings....

276 CLOSEUP GRISBY'S REACTION 276

BANNISTER O.S.
He likes the way his name looks in gold letters on the door in that big office of mine down in Wall Street. And I let him keep it there because I appreciate his consideration.

277 CLOSEUP BANNISTER 277

BANNISTER (cont)
Now if you wanted to call George a nasty name you'd need some facts, and all the facts are going to die with the respected firm of Bannister & Grisby, Attorneys-at-Law.

278 CLOSEUP GRISBY 278

BANNISTER O.S. (cont)
Blackmailer, now there's a real <u>nice</u> nasty name for you, but as it is, you'll have to be satisfied with "partner."

279 CLOSE SHOT BANNISTER 279

BANNISTER (cont)
That's not much of an insult: "partner," -- but you know, from my point of view I sometimes think it is ....

And Michael, if the story of how George got to be my partner is interesting, you ought to hear the one about how Elsa got to be my wife.

280 TWO SHOT ELSA & BANNISTER 280

ELSA
(her eyes still fixed on the flames)
Want me to tell him what you've got on me, Harry?

BANNISTER
(with demoniac smugness)
Please, lover. I have my pride....

There is a silence....then Michael speaks:

281 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 281

MICHAEL
(very slowly, as though to himself)
Once, off the hump of Brazil, I saw the ocean so darkened with blood it was black, with the sun faintin' away over the lip of the sky. We'd put in at Fortaleza, and a few of us had lines out for a bit of idle fishin'. It was me had the first strike...

282 CLOSEUP REACTION SHOT ELSA 282

MICHAEL O.S.(cont)
...A shark it was, and then there was another, and another shark again, -- till all about the sea was made of sharks, and more sharks still, and no salt water at all....

283 CLOSEUP REACTION SHOT BANNISTER 283

MICHAEL O.S. (cont)
....Mine had torn himself from the hook, and the smell or maybe the stain it was, -- and him bleedin' his life away -- drove the rest of 'em mad...

284 CLOSEUP REACTION SHOT GRISBY 284

MICHAEL O.S. (cont)
....Then the sharks all took to eatin' each other....in their frenzy they ate at themselves...

285 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 285

MICHAEL (cont)
...You could feel the lust of murder like a wind stingin' your eyes, and you could smell the death reekin' up out of the sea. I never saw anythin' worse until this little picnic tonight.
(he looks around from face to face)
And d'y' know -- there wasn't one of thim sharks in the whole crazy pack that survived....

286 MEDIUM SHOT THE FOURSOME 286

Michael gets up.

MICHAEL
(looking down at the others)
I'll be leavin' you now.

He turns and goes off into the darkness.

BANNISTER
(after a moment to Grisby)
You should've thanked him, George, that's the first time anybody ever thought enough of you to call you a shark. If you were a good lawyer you'd be flattered.

GRISBY
(ignoring this last)
I think Elsa ought to try to persuade him to stay.

287 CLOSEUP BANNISTER 287

He looks suddenly at Grisby.

BANNISTER
Why?
(then quickly)
Don't bother to answer that. I'll figure it out for myself.
(to Elsa)
Go talk to the Irishman, lover.

288 CLOSE SHOT ELSA 288

ELSA
You want me to?

289 CLOSE SHOT BANNISTER 289

BANNISTER
Sure, why not?

290 MEDIUM SHOT THREESOME 290
Elsa gets up.

BANNISTER (cont)
How does the song go? -- A good man is hard to find.

291 CLOSEUP ELSA REACTING 291

292 CLOSEUP BANNISTER 292

BANNISTER (cont)
(with a queer grin)
When you look at me like that, lover, I feel as though you'd like to kill me.

293 MEDIUM SHOT THREESOME 293
Elsa wheels and hurries away. Bannister watches her go, then turns to Grisby:

293 CONTINUED: 293

BANNISTER (cont)
Everybody wants to kill me, but it won't be easy. I know what everybody's up to. That's my edge. That makes me a tough guy, George -- (the grin hardens) too tough to kill.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GARAGE BANNISTER'S ESTATE

294 Michael is throwing some of his gear into the back of the little Chevvy, which, by the way, looks mighty pathetic in the expensive company of the Bannister motor fleet. He sees Elsa's reflection in the glass and turns to her. 294

295 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 295

MICHAEL
I'm going to take you with me.

296 CLOSEUP ELSA 296

ELSA
Now?

297 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND ELSA 297

MICHAEL
Now.

ELSA
(trying to talk sense)
George wants to go to the city.
He wants you to drive him in.

MICHAEL
You're goin' with me.....

Before his sad looking little auto, Michael stands staring at her, trying to understand. She goes to an open wing of the garage door, CAMERA FOLLOWING, and closes it.

298 CLOSEUP ELSA 298

ELSA
Michael! Michael, listen to me!
Don't you know what Broome was
doing last night?

299 TIGHT TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND ELSA 299

MICHAEL
(crossing to her)
Spyin' on you. I'm goin' to take
you where there aren't any spies.

299 CONTINUED: 299

ELSA
Oh, darling, you're such a foolish knight errant. Will you ever grow up and find out how to defend yourself? Your fists aren't enough, Michael. No matter how good your heart may be, you can't get along with what you call 'wicked men,' until you learn something about wickedness.

MICHAEL
But I don't want to get along with them.

300 CLOSEUP ELSA 300

ELSA
Then where will you live? Is there a place in the world where everybody's good? I don't know where it is.
(she looks at him out of mother's eyes)
You're big and strong but you just don't know how to take care of yourself.

301 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND ELSA 301

ELSA
(continued)
So how could you take care of me?

Michael opens the door and starts out of the garage, Elsa following.

EXT. GROUNDS OF THE BANNISTER ESTATE - NIGHT

302 TRUCKING SHOT 302
Michael moves distractedly across the lawn. Elsa calls him back, the sharpness of her tone partly fire.

ELSA
Michael!
(then, almost whispering)
...That Broome is a detective.

302 CONTINUED: 302

He doesn't take her eye.

ELSA
(continuing)
Can't you understand that? My husband hires him to try and get something on me. He wants to fix it so I'll never divorce him.

MICHAEL
Why?

ELSA
(simply)
He needs me. I help him prove something to the world, and himself, too, maybe.

303 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 303

MICHAEL
He's not your husband. He's a jailer!

304 CLOSEUP ELSA 304

ELSA
(with a queer kind of tenderness)
That's what he needs to be.....
You see, dearest, what I say is true! You don't know anything about wickedness. How can you fight for the things you believe in and the woman you love, until you do?

305 TIGHT TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND ELSA 305

MICHAEL
(wryly)
Well, I been roundin' out my education of late.

He stops, grasping her arms savagely.

306 CLOSEUP MICHAEL OVER ELSA'S SHOULDER 306

MICHAEL
You think I can't take care of you--don't you? You think I'd be after takin' you to a desert island to eat berries and goat's milk. Somewhere east of the sun and west of the moon, where you'd have to take in washing to support me?

307 REVERSE ANGLE CLOSEUP ELSA 307

ELSA
(with a little smile)
Well.....

She looks off scene.

ELSA
(continuing)
There comes George! He mustn't see me here with you --

She starts away, is halted by Michael's tone.

308 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 308
Michael is beside himself -- a new Michael now -- almost mad in his desperate need of her.

MICHAEL
What would you say to five thousand dollars to get us started?

309 CLOSEUP ELSA 309
She stares at him. Then Grisby's voice is heard off scene.

GRISBY'S VOICE
Hello, kiddies!

310 MEDIUM SHOT GRISBY 310
He's dressed for the city. CAMERA MOVES WITH HIM to Michael and Elsa.

GRISBY
Ready to go, fella?

Michael shoots a last look at Elsa.

310 CONTINUED: 310

MICHAEL
Yes, sir. Ready to go.

He leaves, bound for the car in the garage.

311 TWO SHOT GRISBY AND ELSA 311

GRISBY
(looking at Elsa)
Harry's asking for you -- He wondered where you'd gone.
(Then -- the sudden silly smile)
I won't tell him.

With a kind of giggle, Grisby walks out of the scene. Elsa stands looking after him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GRISBY'S OFFICE NIGHT

312 A lonely desk lamp lights the scene. Michael sits in the shadows twisting his cap, listening as Grisby reads: 312

GRISBY
"I, Michael O'Hara, in order to live at peace with my conscience and my God, do freely make the following confessions: On the evening of August ninth" -- that's tomorrow night, fella -- "I shot and killed Mr. George Grisby, placing his dead corpse in Long Island Sound." --

313 OVER SHOULDER SHOT FAVORING MICHAEL 313

MICHAEL
Just a minute.

Grisby looks up at him.

MICHAEL (CONT.)
What you're readin' there... I'm supposed to have written it?

313 CONTINUED: 313

GRISBY
Forgive me if I fail to catch your literary style, fella. But it's the thought that matters.

MICHAEL
Go on.

GRISBY
(continuing reading again)
"It happened this way: Mr. Grisby had come out by cab to the Bannister estate to get some papers he'd forgotten. He asked me to drive him to the station. We arrived too late for the ten-fifteen. The next train doesn't leave for three-quarters of an hour, and since it was a hot night, Mr. Grisby suggested that we fill the time by driving to the beach -- "

314 REVERSE ANGLE 314

GRISBY
(continuing: to Michael again)
We'll hold that conversation right in front of the ticket window, Michael, so the station attendant won't be able to miss a word ... You see I've got the whole thing very carefully planned.

Adjusting his glasses, he goes back to the typewritten sheet in his hand.

GRISBY
(continuing; reading aloud)
We arrived at the seaside at approximately ten-twenty, a fairly deserted area just below the Bannister private beach. As I pulled up Mr. Grisby said he heard a sound. Something suspicious. He said he was frightened of a holdup and asked me to get the gun out of the side pocket of the car just in case. I reached in and got it. But I had hardly taken the gun when it went off in my hand. And I saw that Mr. Grisby was all covered with blood."

315 TWO SHOT GRISBY AND MICHAEL 315

GRISBY
(continuing)
"Then I saw that he was dead. --

Michael rises.

GRISBY (CONT.)
(quickly)
Take it easy, Michael. I want you to get this straight. It's your story and you're going to have to stick to it.

Michael stares down at him. Grisby goes back to the paper. Reading: --

GRISBY (CONT.)
---"I saw that he was dead. I was too startled by this to think clearly and I remember that I dragged his body out of the car into a clump of bushes. Then some people, who were picnicking on the beach" ---
(looking up)
They do every night. I checked for a whole week. There're always two or three bonfires --
(going back to the paper; reading:)
"...people who were picnicking on the beach came up to see about the gun-shot. I told them I'd just been doing some target practice, and when they went away I threw Mr. Grisby's body into the Sound. I then drove back to the Bannister estate, where this is being written now --"

316 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 316

GRISBY (O.S.)
(continuing)
"I can't say why I'm signing my name to this, but I think it is to ease my mind and perhaps also force myself to tell the truth when the police make inquiries about this horrible accident."

317 TWO SHOT GRISBY AND MICHAEL 317
Grisby lowers the paper, takes off his glasses and slides them delicately into their leather case.

317 CONTINUED: 317

GRISBY
(continuing)
That's the easiest five thousand dollars you're ever going to earn, fella.

A long silence... Then -

MICHAEL
Why don't you do it yourself?

GRISBY
Commit suicide? Don't be silly.

318 MOVING SHOT 318
CAMERA FOLLOWS GRISBY. He rises, moves into the darkness the other end of the room, and twiddles with the wall safe.

GRISBY
(at the safe)
I want to live, but I want to vanish. That isn't easy nowadays. If they're looking for you, they find you. Even on the smallest island in the South Seas... That's where I'll be, Michael, on that smallest island. But I want to live there in peace and that won't be possible unless the world is satisfied I'm dead.

He opens the safe and brings out a packet of money.

GRISBY
(continuing)
You know, the law is a funny thing, fella... The people of the state of New York will say I'm dead if somebody will say they murdered me. That's what I'm paying you to say.

319 MEDIUM SHOT 319
He tosses the money on the desk in front of Michael and comes around into the light, looking down at him.

GRISBY
(continuing)
And here's the real joker -- here's what makes it such a pipe for you. You can confess to murder all you want to, but according to the law they can't get you for it. Look it up for yourself. In this state, there's no such thing as murder without finding the body and they'll make it hot for you while they search for mine.

319 CONTINUED: 319

GRISBY (CONT.)
But they know it's a rough tide out there on that part of the Sound. They'll have to give up pretty quick. And then, they'll have to let you go.... Cigar?

He opens a humidor with his flashing smile of hospitality.

MICHAEL
No, thanks.

320 CLOSE TWO SHOT GRISBY AND MICHAEL 320

GRISBY
(removing long blond Havana and crinkling it by his ear)
I know, fella, you're wondering what's behind it all. None of your business, actually, but since we're what you might call --
(with a pleasant laugh)
-- partners in crime -- I might as well tell you that this firm's insured. I have a wife that nags me, and I don't want to be within a thousand miles of this city when they drop that bomb...

He rests his cigar lovingly on a Morocco leather box and unsheaths a fountain pen from an elaborate onyx desk set. Then, putting down the pen near Michael's hands --

GRISBY
(continuing)
Sounds crazy, I know, but then -- we all have our little eccentricities. Sign this....

321 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 321
Michael picks up the pen, looks at it for a steady minute in silence. Then scratches his name with a single gesture on the bottom of the paper.

322 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND GRISBY 322
Grisby pulls the paper back toward him across the glass top of the desk. He folds the paper in two tidy creases, and files it away in his pocket with a satisfied sound of exhaled breath.

322 CONTINUED: 322

GRISBY
(continuing during the above procedure)
I hate to make it all so formal, but you know the legal mind.
(patting his pocket)
This is just in case you change your story after the "murder." I wouldn't like that. And just in case you should decide not to go through with it, I'll keep the other half of the five thousand 'til tomorrow night. You'll get the rest before I climb into the speedboat. You might call this a retainer.

MICHAEL
What about the shot?

GRISBY
That's a silly question, fella. You fire into the sand, of course.

323 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 323

MICHAEL
Keep your money. I'll take it if I do the job.

324 TIGHT TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND GRISBY 324
Michael has risen. Grisby looks up at him, his eyes narrowing in the glare of the desk lamp.

GRISBY
You'll do it... five thousand dollars ought to take a little girl and a sailor on quite a nice little trip. Maybe we'll all meet together somewhere. Shall we make a date in Pango Pango?

MICHAEL
(tonelessly)
I'll see you at the house tomorrow night.

GRISBY
(with a pleasant grin)
Goodbye 'til then, you bloodthirsty killer, you.

He laughs ... Michael moves away into the darkness and we hear the office door close -- good and hard.

325 CLOSEUP GRISBY 325
...laughing his silly laugh all by himself.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN BANNISTER HOME - THE NEXT NIGHT

326 Michael sits in his shirtsleeves smoking, a half empty cup 326
of coffee and an open book before him on the kitchen table.
Bessie, dressed for her night out, stops by for a word.

BESSIE
What's eatin' you, Mr. Man?... I know, you were all set to quit last night, an' here you is... I know -- That gal can talk a body into anything she wants... I'm glad she kin. She needs you. -- Say, where is she now?

MICHAEL
Where you're goin' --, to the films?

BESSIE
(cheerfully)
Not the same theatre, Mr. Man, I'd better hurry. Where I'm goin' it's bank night.

MICHAEL
Feel lucky?

BESSIE
No, jest hopeful.

She starts out the door.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BANNISTER ESTATE BEHIND THE GARAGE - NIGHT

327 A man is standing in the shadows. Grisby enters the Scene. 327

GRISBY
Is that you, Broome?

It is, but he doesn't answer. Grisby looks about him nervously.

GRISBY
Well, here I am.

327 CONTINUED: 327

BROOME
(quietly)
Yes, sir, here you are.

328 TIGHT TWO SHOT GRISBY AND BROOME 328

GRISBY
(trying to keep his voice down)
Look, Broome, I've got to get into the city. I'm late and Michael's going to have to take me --

He looks sharply at Broome's face.

GRISBY
(continued)
What are you laughing at?

BROOME
The way you say it, it sounds phony! Like you practiced it too many times!

GRISBY
(shrilly)
I don't get what you're driving at.

BROOME
Sure you do.

329 CLOSEUP GRISBY 329
Grisby looks at him for a silent, breathless minute, then speaks:

GRISBY
What do you want?

330 CLOSEUP BROOME 330

BROOME
I'll settle for five thousand dollars.

Grisby gulps the air in a couple of times as though he'd been running heavily.

331 TIGHT TWO SHOT GRISBY AND BROOME 331
Grisby tries to go, but finds he can't.

GRISBY
I'll talk to you tomorrow.

331 CONTINUED: 331

BROOME
Tomorrow? When you'll be playin' dead an' somebody else we both know's really dead? No, thanks, Mr. Grisby, we'll settle our account right now.

GRISBY
(his tone suddenly quite cool)
All right, Broome, if you insist --

He reaches in his pocket and takes out a gun --

332 CLOSEUP BROOME 332

BROOME
(sharply)
No!

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

333 Michael is reading his book. From outside comes the SOUND of a shot! Michael looks up, puzzled. CAMERA PANS him to the door. He goes out. 333

EXT. KITCHEN ENTRANCE BANNISTER HOME - NIGHT

334 As Michael comes out on the porch we can see he's trying to place the direction of the gunshot. 334

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK YARD BEHIND THE GARAGE - NIGHT

335 CLOSE SHOT BROOME 335
lying with his face in the earth. CAMERA TILTS UP to HOLD ON Grisby, the smoking revolver, still in his hand. CAMERA MOVES with Grisby around to the side door of the garage. He opens it and starts in.

INT. BANNISTER GARAGE - NIGHT

336 Grisby comes in the side door, takes a flashlight out of his left pocket and makes his way to the Hispano, CAMERA FOLLOWING. Moving quickly, Grisby wipes the gun with a big linen handkerchief, and holding it in the handkerchief, opens the car door. He reaches into the flap pocket of the door and takes out another gun. (The same gun Elsa carried in her bag in Central Park). Still pinching the revolver he used to shoot Broome in the delicate folds of his handkerchief, he drops it in the car pocket. 336

MICHAEL'S VOICE (O.S.)
What was that shot?

Grisby starts and straightens! The overhead floodlights in the garage flash on as Michael turns the switch

337 MEDIUM SHOT MICHAEL 337
at the garage door. His hand on the switch. He looks suspiciously off screen. CAMERA FOLLOWING, he crosses to Grisby, who manages to jam the gun he took from the car into his coat pocket before Michael comes up to him.

338 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND GRISBY 338

GRISBY
I was just doing a little target practice...

Michael's eyes squint down at him. Grisby giggles nervously.

GRISBY
(continued)
That's your line, isn't it? Remember, that's what you're supposed to say.

Michael is watchful and silent. With another of his childish spasms of laughter, Grisby climbs into the car.

GRISBY
Come on, time to start...

Very low thunder mumbles in the air outside. Slowly Michael gets in beside him, starts the car and drives it out of the garage

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

339 An overcast sky. Lightning, and the far-away threat of thunder. The car races down the road. 339

EXT. DOORWAY OF THE BANNISTER KITCHEN - NIGHT

340 For a while nothing moves on the screen. Then over the SOUND TRACK we hear the rasping static-like sounds of tortured breathing -- the breathing of a dying man. Up from the bottom of the Frame -- up to the steps, crawls Broome. Moving on his belly, an inch at a time, he tries to get the door open with his fingers, tries to raise himself to the knob...fails... finally makes it. 340

CUT TO:

341 MEDIUM SHOT (PROCESS) 341
Michael is driving; Grisby slumped in the back clenches an unlit cigar between his teeth.

342 CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL 342
His hands grip the wheel, nervously....

343 CLOSE SHOT GRISBY 343
in the back seat.

344 CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL 344
at the wheel. He stares into the rear view mirror of the car.

345 CLOSE SHOT REAR VIEW MIRROR (SPECIAL EFFECTS) 345
Grisby, his forehead dripping...

346 CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL 346
at the wheel. Impatiently, he steps on the gas. The car gathers still more speed.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

347 In the distance ahead is seen the red light on the tail of a truck. Michael's car rockets toward the truck. 347

INT. CAR WINDSHIELD SHOT FROM MICHAEL'S POINT OF VIEW

348 The tail light comes closer -- and still closer... 348

349 CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL 349
He quickly jerks back the emergency brake, swings the wheel around, jams on the footbrake --

350 CLOSE SHOT GRISBY 350

351 WINDSHIELD SHOT (SPECIAL EFFECTS) FROM MICHAEL'S POINT OF VIEW
The CAMERA ZOOMS UP 'til the glare of the tail light fills 351 the whole of the screen. A sudden jolt of CAMERA as the red blaze is broken by the shattering of glass in front of CAMERA Lens, splintering the entire picture...

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

352 REVERSE CLOSE SHOT ON MICHAEL 352
through broken windshield glass. Michael, stunned, hunches over the wheel, his face bleeding. Grisby, b.g. Michael comes to and with effort starts to leave the car.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

353 MEDIUM SHOT 353
Michael's car has smashed into a truck. A man, the truck-driver runs toward Michael.

354 MEDIUM SHOT MICHAEL AND TRUCK DRIVER 354

TRUCK DRIVER
Anybody hurt?

MICHAEL
I don't know.
(he looks in back)
Mr. Grisby --

Grisby slides out of the car, blood on his white linen suit, holding his hand to his wrist.

GRISBY
That was close, wasn't it? Not hurt, are you fella?

354 CONTINUED: 354

MICHAEL
I'm all right.

TRUCK DRIVER
You're lucky, flyin' glass can take your head off.

355 MEDIUM SHOT MICHAEL, GRISBY AND TRUCK DRIVER 355
Followed by Grisby, Michael and the truck driver move into the blaze of the twisted headlights. The whole front of the car is jammed against the back of the truck.

356 CLOSE SHOT RED TAIL LIGHT OF THE TRUCK 356
smashed.

357 CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL 357
He looks toward Grisby.

358 CLOSE SHOT GRISBY 358
holding his bleeding wrist. He notices Michael looking at him and smiles back.

GRISBY
It's okay, fella.

359 CLOSE SHOT TRUCK DRIVER 359

TRUCK DRIVER
You're cut bad.

360 CLOSE SHOT GRISBY 360
He wraps a handkerchief around his wrist.

GRISBY
It's okay, really it is.

361 MEDIUM SHOT CAR AND TRUCK 361
Michael gets inside the car and starts the motor. Grisby stands outside and turns to the truck driver.

GRISBY
What's your name?

TRUCK DRIVER
Hey, you ain't goin' to try an' say I did it?

361 CONTINUED: 361

GRISBY
Don't be silly. We just want to be sure you're compensated for any damage we may have caused your truck.

TRUCK DRIVER
That's different. Here's the driver's license...

He starts getting it out.

CUT TO:

INT. BANNISTER OFFICE - NIGHT

362 Pitch blackness and the empty atmosphere of lower Wall Street by night... Nobody around for a million miles... A phone is ringing... An insistent jangle... almost as though the phone itself were complaining of loneliness... 362

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD

363 Grisby is just giving the truck driver one of his cards. 363

GRISBY
(as he climbs back into the partly wrecked Hispano)
All right, now, you've got my name and address. Be sure and let me know the damage.

Michael starts the car. It roars up the road and out of sight. The truck driver, holding Grisby's card between a couple of grimy fingers, stands watching it go.....

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BANNISTER'S OFFICE

364 As before. The phone still rings -- seems to echo through 364
the empty building... Then the ringing stops abruptly --

CUT TO:

INT. BANNISTER KITCHEN - NIGHT

365 EXTREME CLOSE SHOT PHONE 365
The receiver hangs down on the cord as though it had been dropped. It swings and dangles aimlessly as the CAMERA MOVES QUICKLY IN and the Frame is filled with the perforated membrane of the receiver. Over the SOUND TRACK the very tiny, very tiny voice of an operator is heard.

OPERATOR'S VOICE
(filter)
Operator... Operator...
Operator!.. Operator...!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FRONT CAR

366 LOW ANGLE SHOT SHOWING DASHBOARD AND RIGHT GLOVE COMPART- 366
MENT CAMERA ON FLOOR OF CAR SHOOTING UP.
Grisby's arm, a handkerchief tied around it, is at screen left (suspended over the Camera.) As his other hand removes the handkerchief, drops of blood fall over the Camera lens. As the first drop of blood spatters the lens, the left hand of the screen becomes slightly blurred.

MICHEAL O.S.
What are you doing?

GRISBY O.S.
Getting blood all over the floor of the car. My blood. It's perfect. If you shot me there'd be blood, fella -- see?

While Grisby's voice is heard over scene, more drops of blood fall on the Camera lens, and the left half of the screen becomes progressively more blurred.

GRISBY O.S.
Get out the gun!

The left half of the frame is now completely blurred, a fuzzy line of demarcation between the left and right halves of the screen. Michael's arm shoots out from this blurred dividing line into the right half of the screen and raises the lid of the glove compartment. He takes out a gun. We now see in the right half of the screen, Michael's arm holding a gun.

INT. CAR

367 TWO SHOT 367
Grisby, in the back, leaning over the front seat as he ties his handkerchief around his wrist. He is directly behind Michael who holds the gun in his hand. Michael closes the glove compartment and opens the car door. He and Grisby get out.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

368 The top of a little hill sloping down to the sand and 368
the sea.

EXT. BEACH

369 LONG SHOT 369
Many little fires are burning up and down the beach. By fitful heat lightning people can be seen moving about and sitting in groups. A voice is heard singing, and an amateurish guitar. Far in the distance is Bannister's pier and his speed boat.

370 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND GRISBY 370
on the hill overlooking the beach.

GRISBY
It's all working out perfectly. That truckdriver's going to make a Grade "A" witness. Now, make sure somebody sees you go back when you leave here. When you get back to the garage, start washing out the blood stains. You're trying to wipe out the evidence, see. But be careful not to do such a good job that they can't analyze the stains.

Grisby pauses, smiles at Michael.

GRISBY (Cont'd.)
To save your own neck, they've got to make sure I'm dead.

Grisby walks closer to Michael and suddenly, pulling the handkerchief off his wrist, wipes some of the blood on Michael's clothes.

371 CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL 371
as he draws back.

372 CLOSE SHOT GRISBY 372
laughing.

GRISBY
Just try to wash that off!

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

373 TWO SHOT GRISBY AND MICHAEL 373
Grisby reties the handkerchief around his wrist.

GRISBY (Cont'd.)
Well, that's about all, fella. Soon as you hear the speedboat get away! - fire the gun.

373 CONTINUED: 373

He shakes Michael's hand.

GRISBY (Cont'd.)
Well, this is goodbye.

He quickly walks down the hill to the pier.

374 OVER SHOULDER SHOT MICHAEL IN F.G. 374
Lightining shows Grisby walking towards the pier. We see the many little fires and the people on the beach. Michael stands watching, the gun in his hand.

375 CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL 375
He wets his lips, looks nervously about and starts to lift his gun. The beach is quiet save for desultory laughter from the picnic groups and the distant song. Suddenly!

VOICE O.S.
WAIT! WAIT!

It's Grisby. Michael swings around.

376

376 TWO SHOT
Grisby runs up to Michael, out of breath.

GRISBY
A little thing like this and I forget it! Quick, give me your cap.

Michael hands Grisby his cap, and without another word, Grisby starts off again.

377 OVER SHOULDER SHOT 377
Michael watching Grisby as he goes to the speedboat at the pier.

378 CLOSEUP MICHAEL'S FACE 378
The noise of the speedboat fills the air - then slowly dies away.

379 CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL 379
He points the gun toward the sand and fires it.

380 LONG SHOT BEACH MICHAEL IN F.G. 380
The singing and the laughter suddenlys top. Michael stands there, the smoking gun in his hand ... Silence.

381 TRUCKING SHOT 381
Michael runs down to the pier, turns and starts along the beach. A fat man in a bathrobe grabs him by the arm and swings him around.

382 MEDIUM SHOT FAT MAN 382
The fat man grabs the gun from Michael's hand.

FAT MAN
Here! Here, what are you doing?

Other people dressed in beach robes, men and women, run into scene.

PEOPLE - AD LIBS
What happened?
What was the shooting for?
What does he want?
Who is he?

Michael tries to laugh, - motions to the gun.

MICHAEL
I just felt like hearing it go off. Anything wrong with that?

FAT MAN
Oh ... Just did it for a whim, I s'pose?

MICHAEL
That's right. Just a whim.

He abruptly swings around and starts towards the top of the hill.

383 MEDIUM SHOT THE PEOPLE ON THE BEACH 383
They watch him go.

384 MEDIUM SHOT TOP OF THE HILL 384
Michael, putting the gun in his pocket, jumps into the car and starts the motor.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAR (PROCESS)

385 Michael at the wheel driving ... He jams his foot on the brake, getting all possible speed he can. Suddenly the car lights go out. 385

386 CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL 386
as he reacts.

387 MEDIUM SHOT CAR 387
Pitch black ... Michael slows. The horn on the car jams. The irritating long steady drone of the horn cuts the night to ribbons ...

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BANNISTER'S OFFICE

388 As before. 388

The visual action of the DISSOLVE is synchronized with a cross fade of sound: From the maddening whine of the auto horn to the maddening whine of the phone.

CUT TO:

INT. BANNISTER KITCHEN

389 Broome has somehow pulled himself up from the floor long enough to dial the number again. He's hanging on to the receiver now listening to the buzz...Gasping out his life... 389

CUT TO:

INT. BANNISTER'S OFFICE

390 The phone still yammers in the darkness. But now THE CAMERA MOVES UP FROM THE DESK AND APPROACHES THE WINDOW. 390

391 HIGH ANGLE SHOT - SHOOTING DOWN INTO THE STREET 391
Far below the tiny figure of a man can just be made out on the black pavement...Suddenly, with the sound perspective matching this distance, there is heard a faint but sharp textured gunshot! The noice richochets off the granite faces of the empty buildings echoing remotely. This during a silent phrase of one of the measured pauses between the exclamations of the phone buzzer...Precisely on the instant of the gunshot, the moving CAMERA had pulled up and locked

391 CONTINUED: 391

its focus in a fixed stare at the street below....The miniscule shape of the man is seen to fall....The phone bell clatters....The man lies motionless.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

392 As before. 392

The action of the dissolve matches the movement of a cross fade of sound effects. The phone bell merging into the cry of the jammed auto horn and melting away under it...His road lights short-circuited, Michael sits at the wheel undecided what to do...With the shock of a sudden shout, a hot, bright light is beamed on his face.

393 CLOSEUP - MICHAEL 393
He swings around and squints into the glare.

394 MEDIUM SHOT OVER SHOULDER MICHAEL 394
A motorcycle cop comes opposite the car.

THE COP
Having trouble?

MICHAEL
The lights went out on me and the horn jammed.

The cop dismounts and walks round the car -- notices the wrecked front.

THE COP
Looks like you had a little accident.

MICHAEL
Yeah...A truck.

For a minute the cop studies Michael. Then with his flash-light looks into the car.

395 CLOSE SHOT - MICHAEL 395
He holds his breath.

396 TWO SHOT - COP AND MICHAEL 396

THE COP
I'll get ya a tow car.

He rides away on the motorcycle.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NIGHT - HIGH ANGLE - STREET BELOW - SHOOTING

397 FROM WINDOW OF BANNISTER'S OFFICE 397
As before the CAMERA peers down the giddy distance of twenty stories to the murky street. Several figures are seen to gather, circling the place where the man fell. Police whistles are heard, and then from blocks away! The banshee yelling of police sirens....The phone has stopped ringing...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NIGHT - WALL STREET

398 THE CAMERA IS ANGLED IN A DOWN-SHOT precisely as before. 398
But now the lens is a mere fifteen feet above the pavement. The police...squad cars...an ambulance...The heart of this tableau is the darkest object in the composition. The figure of the fallen man, an obvious corpse.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BANNISTER GARAGE

399 With a desperate striving and a feverish haste Michael 399
is washing away at the blood stains in the car. A voice is heard.

THE VOICE
O'Hara!.....O'Hara!!

Michael looks toward the door.

THE VOICE (CONT.)
It's Broome!.....

Michael doesn't move -- scarcely breathes. Then Broome's voice scatters the silence again, an agonized croak.

BROOME'S VOICE (CONT)
I know you're there, O'Hara...let me in....

Michael doesn't speak. For a moment all we can hear is the liquid spattering from the cloth in his hand on to the moist concrete....Then the door of the garage swings sharply in with a shriek of hinges and Broome falls into the scene.

TIGHT TWO SHOT - MICHAEL AND BROOME

400 Michael catches him with his wet hands. 400

BROOME
(his eyes glazed)
Blood...Blood...
(wonderingly)
It ain't all mine...

MICHAEL
(abruptly)
I had an accident.

BROOME
(still clinging to him)
And Bannister? When did he die?

MICHAEL
(barking at him)
You're drunk, Broome, Mr. Bannister isn't dead.

Broome sinks on to the running board of the car, rolling his eyes up at Michael.

401 CLOSE UP BROOME 401

BROOME
Where's Grisby?

We can tell from the leer of blanked out teeth that Broome is trying to smile.

402 CLOSE UP BROOME 402

BROOME (CONT.)
Did he give you the dough? Don't stall, I need a doctor. I got something....

His hand goes to his breast, we think to his wound, then we realize to his pocket.

BROOME (CONT.)
-- to sell. Cost you five grand...

403 CLOSE UP MICHAEL 403

MICHAEL
(without expression)
What are you talking about?

404 CLOSE UP BROOME 404

BROOME
(with an angry sneer)
Everybody dummies up on me!.... You're all wastin' your time.... And I ain't got no time. I bet you don't know why Grisby stuck you on that murder frame-up?....

405 CLOSE UP MICHAEL 405
Michael still holds him in a blank stare.

BROOME (CONT.) O.S.
Sure he's a lammester -- but while he's beatin' it, he's takin' the gimp with him.

MICHAEL
What do you mean?

406 CLOSE UP BROOME 406
He gets for answer Broome's empty leer.

407 CLOSE TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND BROOME 407

MICHAEL (CONT.)
Do you mean Bannister and Grisby are running off together?

BROOME
Bannister's dead, he's gonna be when Grisby gets to Wall Street... That's why Grisby wants it to look like you croaked him. That way he's clean, see? Without nobody goin' after him. It's his alibi, see?--

408 CLOSE UP BROOME 408

BROOME (CONT.)
All the time he's supposed to be murdered, he's really murderin' Bannister --

Then sharply, a fresh note of fright in his voice.

BROOME (CONT.)
Where you goin'?

409 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL 409

MICHAEL
Wall Street --

Michael has started into the car.

410 MEDIUM SHOT 410

BROOME
If you wanta save Bannister, you better stop on it...But first -- first -- gimme that five grand.

Michael looks back at him.

BROOME (CONT.)
It's on you now. It's gotta be!

He's trying to sound vicious, but by now the effect is only pathetic.

BROOME (CONT.)
Gimme that five grand!

MICHAEL
What for?

411 CLOSEUP BROOME 411

BROOME
A little piece of paper, that's what for. A paper with your name signed to it. A confession... I lifted it offa Grisby when he wasn't lookin'.

412 CLOSE UP MICHAEL 412

MICHAEL
Show it to me.

413 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND BROOME 413

BROOME
Show me that five grand...

Michael gets out the money. Broome seizes it in greedy fingers sticky with blood.

413 CONTINUED: 413

BROOME (CONT.)
(crooning in a kind of dying ecstacy)
...Five G's...I worked hard for this.--

414 CLOSE UP BROOME 414
He slumps to the concrete floor -- falls dead in a blood morass of paper money.

415 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL 415
After a minute, Michael forces himself into a search for the confession. Finds it in Broome's pocket. Puts it away in his own. Michael would get into the car, but he can't. -- Five thousand dollars cry out to him from the ground.

416 CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL 416
As one in a trance, he stoops and gathers up the precious garbage. Shovels the moist and dripping stuff into the car. He follows it in himself with a slam of the door. He yanks the car into speed and his face set and rigid as a sleep-walkers', he jolts out of the scene...We hear stripping gears and screeching rubber -- as we ...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WALL STREET - NIGHT

417 The same shot as before -- but still closer. Now the 417
shadowed corpse is ringed with a sizeable crowd. THE CAMERA HASN'T MOVED, but other elements in the picture have shifted enough to indicate a passage of time. One of the cops, a lieutenant, turns and looks off-scene.

THE COP LT.
Hey! Who's that?
(to attending subordinates)
Be sure he stops.

CAMERA TILTS UP THE STREET to show the approach of Michael in his car. The crowd swallows and stalls the little Chevvy, and the cops descend on Michael like an eager swarm of flies.

418 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL AND THE COP CLOSEST TO HIM 418

MICHAEL
(to him)
Am I too late?

THE COP
Too late for what, buddy?

MICHAEL
To save him! Is he alive?

THE COP
Is who alive?

MICHAEL
Bannister -- Harry Bannister.

THE COP
What was that name again?

THE COP LT.
(moving majestically into the scene)
What's his name? That's what I want to know. What's he doing here?

During the whole of this scene, CAMERA DOLLIES IN TOWARD MICHAEL'S FACE...The cops get to be voices only. As we train our sights on Michael's mounting terror. ---

A COP'S VOICE O.S.
Hey, look! That's blood, ain't it?

ANOTHER COP O.S.
Blood?

MANY VOICES OF THE POLICE O.S.
Sure it's blood! All over his clothes!
Come on! Out!

THE FRAME CLOSES IN ON THE LIMITS OF MICHAEL'S FACE as the cops drag him out of the car. The voices press on.

THE VOICES
Same thing all over the seat!
Money! Hundred dollar bills!
Blood all over him! Come on!
Who are you?

MICHAEL
He was killed wasn't he? Or you wouldn't be here.

Somebody slams him across the face.

418 CONTINUED: 418

A HORASE VOICE O.S.
Shut up!

THE LT. O.S.
Search him! See if he's armed.

MICHAEL
I'm Michael O'Hara. I just want to know about Bannister, that's all! I just --

THE COP O.S.
(speaking in careful tones)
O'Hara...O - H - A -

ANOTHER COP O.S.
(shouting)
What's this?!

Exactly on this cry, CAMERA YANKS BACK to show a uniformed arm dragging from Michael's coat the crumpled, stained confession.

MICHAEL
If somebody doesn't tell me about Mr. Bannister, I'll go out of my mind!

A COP O.S.
Listen to this!
(reading)
"I, Michael O'Hara, in order to live at peace with my conscience and my God --"

A second of silence greets this phrase.

419 CLOSE UP BANNISTER 419
He smiles sweetly at Michael, the brilliant eyes aglow. Off scene the cop continues reading the confession.

THE COP O.S.
"--do freely make the following confession. On the evening of August ninth I shot and killed George Grisby --"...

420 CLOSE UP MICHAEL 420

MICHAEL
Grisby!

420 CONTINUED: 420

BANNISTER O.S.
That's right, Michael.

421 CLOSE UP BANNISTER 421

BANNISTER (CONT)
--That's what you say there in your confession.

422 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 422

MICHAEL
(the sky falling on his head)
Grisby! Grisby was killed....

423 TIGHT TWO SHOT BANNISTER AND MICHAEL 423

BANNISTER
Yes, Michael, with your cap in his hand. It's lucky I'm here...

424 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 424

425 CLOSEUP BANNISTER 425

BANNISTER
You're going to need a good lawyer.

The flames fairly crackle in his tiny dark eyes as Bannister digs into Michael with a long deep look....

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. JAIL MICHAEL'S CELL- DAY

426 Bannister limps up to Michael, who s its stonily on his cot. 426
In the b.g. the guard closes the cell door, locks it and moves away.

BANNISTER
I brought you the papers.

Michael refuses to acknowledge this and Bannister tosses some gaudy looking tabloids onto the cot beside the prisoner.

BANNISTER
(continued)
They're giving the case a good play. You're quite a sensation, Michael ...

427 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 427

BANNISTER O.S.
(continued)
.... The papers are all saying your confession's a phoney. They want to know how you could kill Grisby out on my beach in Long Island, throw his body into the Sound, and have his body turn up dry at the foot of Wall Street? --

428 CLOSEUP BANNISTER 428

BANNISTER
(continued)
... They think you did it, but they don't know how ... The D.A.'s going to say you took him down there -- in the speed-boat.

429 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 429

MICHAEL
I couldn't have.

430 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND BANNISTER 430

BANNISTER
Unless you got Mrs. Bannister to lie about the time ... He couldn't have taken himself.

430 CONTINUED: 430

MICHAEL
Why not?

431 CLOSEUP BANNISTER 431

BANNISTER
Because there wasn't any other way for him to go. He didn't take the train, we checked. He didn't drive or we would've found the car. He didn't take the speed-boat because how could he have got it back?

432 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND BANNISTER 432

MICHAEL
Back where?

BANNISTER
Back at the beach. That boat couldn't have driven itself home. Maybe it was Grisby's ghost. Maybe he took himself down and the boat just drifted back. Or maybe you had someone working with you. --

433 CLOSEUP BANNISTER 433

BANNISTER
Michael, you must see what an odd position this puts me in -- defending a man for killing my own law partner. I'm going to have a job persuading the judge to let me do it. Now then -- What really happened? Why'd you shoot him?

434 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 434

MICHAEL
I didn't shoot him.

435 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND BANNISTER 435

BANNISTER
Then why did you say you did...to get out of another crime -- the murder of Broome?

435 CONTINUED: 435

MICHAEL
(quickly)
No --

BANNISTER
Well, if you didn't shoot Grisby, why that confession?

436 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 436

MICHAEL
He made me write it.

BANNISTER
Who?

MICHAEL
Grisby. I didn't know he was going to get killed.

437 CLOSEUP BANNISTER 437

BANNISTER
Are you trying to make me think you're crazy? Is that your game?

438 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 438

MICHAEL
It was supposed to be a fake murder.

439 CLOSEUP BANNISTER 439

BANNISTER
What?

440 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 440

MICHAEL
Grisby wanted to get away from his wife -- she wouldn't give him a divorce. So he hired me to pretend to kill him accidently.

441 TWO SHOT BANNISTER AND MICHAEL 441

BANNISTER
If you think I'm going into a court with a story like that, you are crazy! -- No, we'll say Grisby took the boat to Wall Street of his own accord and died there from your shot.

442 CLOSEUP BANNISTER 442

BANNISTER
Excusable homicide -- accident. That's going to have to be the plea. It's our only bet..

443 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND BANNISTER 443

MICHAEL
But we can prove I didn't do it with that gun I had.

BANNISTER
Maybe you had another gun ... we can't prove you didn't.

444 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 444

MICHAEL
(slowly)
.... So I'm going on trail for my life, claiming to have killed a man I didn't kill.

BANNISTER O.S.
And hoping they'll believe you, but not to the extent where they'll send you to the chair.

445 CLOSEUP BANNISTER 445
He's almost smiling.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. COURTROOM

446 THE TOP OF THE JUDGE'S BENCH 446
His books and papers impressively arrayed. But the most prominent thing in the picture:

INSERT: A RACING FORM

447 CLOSEUP TOP OF DESK 447
On scratch paper His Honor is calculating the odds on something good for the Fifth. o.s. the District Attorney Galloway is examining a witness.

D.A.'S VOICE
Now, then, Officer Peters, you say you heard no shot. Yet from the condition of the blood, which you testified was still wet when you discovered the body, we know the death must have come on Wall Street, but, not as it would appear, from a shot fired on Wall Street or you would have heard it. Isn't that right?

448 MEDIUM SHOT THE COURTROOM 448
A burly policeman named Peters is testifying.

BANNISTER
(rising)
Objection! The shot might have been fired before the Officer came within hearing distance. No definite conclusion can be drawn from the fact that the Officer heard no shot.

JUDGE
Sustained. Strike the District Attorney's remarks from the record.

GALLOWAY
But, Your Honor, the fact no shot was heard, simply bears out the defendant's written confession -- But we'll return to that later. Right now we'll continue with the Officer's testimony as I'm sure he's anxious to get home to his wife and family before returning to duty.

449 TWO SHOT PETERS AND GALLOWAY 449

Peters looks at him and starts to say something, but Galloway rushes on:

GALLOWAY
An important point, Mr. Peters: Will you tell the jury the condition of Mr. Grisby's clothes the moment you came upon the body?

PETERS
They seemed to be in good condition, except for the blood, of course.

GALLOWAY
The clothes were wet or dry?

450 CLOSEUP PETERS 450

PETERS
They were dry.

451 CLOSEUP GALLOWAY 451

GALLOWAY
Dry! Yet the defendant said in his confession that he'd thrown the body into the Sound.

452 CLOSEUP BANNISTER 452

BANNISTER
I object.

GALLOWAY'S VOICE
Grounds?

BANNISTER
My client has withdrawn the statement that the body was thrown into the Sound. The District Attorney is taking unfair advantage of a situation which he knows has been rectified.

453 MEDIUM SHOT COURTROOM 453

JUDGE
Objection sustained. The District Attorney's last remarks will be stricken from the record.

453 CONTINUED: 453

Galloway shrugs and looks at the jury to make sure they got it anyway.

454 MEDIUM SHOT JURY'S FACES 454
They get the point.

GALLOWAY'S VOICE
The fact remains that the clothes were dry. Now, Mr. Peters, was there anything else that struck you at the time of the discovery of the body?

455 MEDIUM SHOT GALLOWAY AND PETERS 455

PETERS
Yes, sir. There was something. Mr. Grisby was lying face down with his arm thrown out. His hat had rolled to one side but in his right hand he had a cap. He was holding it so tight the Homicide man had a hard time getting it loose.

GALLOWAY
What kind of cap?

Peters wets his lips and looks across the courtroom to Michael.

PETERS
A chauffeur's cap.

456 CLOSE REACTION SHOT MICHAEL 456

457 MEDIUM SHOT COURTROOM 457
Galloway crosses to the table, snatches up a cap, holds it over his head.

GALLOWAY
Is this the cap?

PETERS
It looks like it.

Galloway turns to the jury waving the cap.

457 CONTINUED: 457

GALLOWAY
Here is a lawyer mortally wounded, struck down in the prime of life, yet with the quickness and brilliance of thought that characterized his whole career at the bar, he snatched the evidence that would send his murderer to the chair! --

458 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT JURY 458

GALLOWAY
So that a competent jury sitting in trial upon that murderer might avenge his death without the slightest fear of error or possible miscarriage of justice...

459 CLOSE SHOT GALLOWAY 459

GALLOWAY
Watch!

460 CLOSE THREE SHOT GALLOWAY, MICHAEL AND BANNISTER 460
Galloway has crossed to Michael's side. He slaps the cap on his head tight.

BANNISTER
(rising; shouting)
Objection!

He gets to his feet so quickly he wrenches his leg.

461 CLOSEUP BANNISTER 461
Pain shoots through his face. He grabs the table to hold on.

462 THREE SHOT GALLOWAY, MICHAEL AND BANNISTER 462

GALLOWAY
Of course the Defense Counsel objects. The cap fits!

463 CLOSEUP BANNISTER 463

BANNISTER
The District Attorney is supposed to be conducting a direct examination. Such dramatics are entirely unnecessary. The cap would fit ten million others as easily.

464 MEDIUM SHOT COURT 464

BANNISTER'S VOICE
I ask the District Attorney's conclusions be stricken from the record as being ill-timed, unfounded and immaterial.

465 CLOSEUP JUDGE 465

JUDGE
Sustained. I'd say the evidence is material, but I must caution the District Attorney to confine himself to the direct examination until he's ready for summation.

466 MEDIUM SHOT GALLOWAY 466

GALLOWAY
(yanking cap off Michael)
It is not only highly material, but I shall attempt to show it is positive evidence. We haven't here a mere case of accidental shooting, as the defense would like us to believe, and as attested in the defendant's so-called confession, but an out and out case of first degree murder.

Michael jumps to his feet.

467 CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL 467

MICHAEL
That's not true. I --

468 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND BANNISTER 468
The Judge pounds his gavel. Bannister puts a hand on Michael's arm to keep him down.

BANNISTER
Let him finish. Our turn will come later.

MICHAEL
Will you put me on the stand?

468 CONTINUED: 468

BANNISTER
That would give him just the chance he wants to cross examine you.

469 MEDIUM SHOT GALLOWAY 469
Galloway turns to Peters.

GALLOWAY
That's all. Your witness, Mr. Bannister.

Bannister stands up slowly, thinking.

BANNISTER
No questions -- except, yes, one.

He looks at Peters, who is half way out of his chair.

BANNISTER
Of course, I don't want to keep you from your wife and children any more than the District Attorney who was so concerned about them a moment ago. But I would like to ask one question.

470 CLOSEUP PETERS 470

BANNISTER'S VOICE
Mr. Peters, have you a wife and children?

PETERS
Well --

Peters looks at Galloway and starts to smile.

PETERS
No.

471 MEDIUM SHOT COURTROOM 471
A laugh goes up over the courtroom. The Judge bangs his gavel. Galloway reddens, but tries to shrug it off.

BANNISTER
(to Peters)
Thank you, you may step down.

Bannister looks at Galloway, smiling. Laughter is still heard in spite of the gavel.

471 CONTINUED: 471

GALLOWAY
Our next witness is a man of unimpeachable integrity -- honest, fearless and public-spirited in the extreme. Although he may be somewhat surprised at the request, I'm sure he will not hesitate to testify. I call Harry Bannister.

472 CLOSE SHOT BANNISTER REACTION 472

473 MEDIUM SHOT COURTROOM 473

BAILIFF
Harry Bannister...

A murmur starts up in the courtroom, as the Judge's gavel hits the bench.

474 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 474
Michael looks at Elsa.

475 CLOSEUP ELSA 475
She tries to smile encouragement. But we can see that she's plenty worried.

476 CLOSEUP BANNISTER 476
He is furious.

BANNISTER
All right. I'll take the stand.

477 CLOSE SHOT THE JUDGE 477

JUDGE
One minute. I think the defendant has something to say about that...

478 OVER SHOULDER SHOT FAVORING JUDGE 478

JUDGE
(continuing; he looks at Michael)
It is within your discretion to refuse to allow Defense Counsel to place your case in jeopardy by exposing himself to the Prosecution's questioning.

479 REVERSE SHOT FAVORING MICHAEL 479

MICHAEL
(he has risen)
No, Your Honor, I don't want any other lawyer, if that's what you mean. I'm not afraid of having Mr. Galloway asking him any questions. Because's there's nothing to be afraid of. I haven't done anything.

480 FULL SHOT COURTROOM 480
excitement.

481 to 485 QUICK SERIES OF REACTION SHOTS: 481 to 485
REACTION: ELSA
REACTION: MICHAEL
REACTION: SPECTATORS
REACTION: JURY
REACTION: REPORTERS

486 MEDIUM SHOT REPORTERS 486

1ST REPORTER
Hey! Galloway can't make Bannister testify against his own client, can he?

2ND REPORTER
This whole trial gets screwier every minute.

3RD REPORTER
He's going to be under oath, and I always thought he was smart.

1ST REPORTER
He's got something up his sleeve.

3RD REPORTER
Don't forget the kid was his chauffeur.

2ND REPORTER
This is a new one, all right. A lawyer testifying in his own case against his own client.

Over this last we hear the Bailiff swearing Bannister in.

486 CONTINUED: 486

BAILIFF'S VOICE
(softly o.s.)
Doyouswear totellthetruththewhole truthandnothingbutthetruth, sohelp youGod?

487 CLOSE SHOT BANNISTER 487

BANNISTER
I do.

He sits down, his face dark, angered, his jaw set. He tries to cover up his twisted leg so he wouldn't look awkward -- fails. It seems to hang loosely disconnected...There isn't a sound in the whole courtroom.

488 MEDIUM SHOT COURTROOM 488

GALLOWAY
Your name?

BANNISTER
Harry Bannister.

GALLOWAY
Your profession?

BANNISTER
I'm a lawyer.

GALLOWAY
Your address?

BANNISTER
120 Wall Street.

GALLOWAY
That's the address of your office?

BANNISTER
It is.

489 TWO SHOT BANNISTER AND GALLOWAY 489

GALLOWAY
Now, Mr. Bannister, on the night of August twelfth you were in that office?

BANNISTER
Yes.

489 CONTINUED: 489

GALLOWAY
-- waiting for your partner, George Grisby, who'd gone out to your home to get some papers. At what time did you realize that Mr. Grisby wasn't coming back?

BANNISTER
At eleven thirty-five, when the night watchman came to tell me that George was lying dead out in the street. I immediately accompanied him downstairs and identified the body.

490 CLOSEUP GALLOWAY 490

GALLOWAY
You noticed the cap in Mr. Grisby's hand?

491 CLOSE SHOT BANNISTER 491

BANNISTER
I did.

492 CLOSEUP GALLOWAY 492

GALLOWAY
Didn't you say that your chauffeur must have killed him?

493 CLOSEUP BANNISTER 493

BANNISTER
I said it looked that way.

494 TWO SHOT BANNISTER AND GALLOWAY 494

GALLOWAY
Did you or did you not suggest that a search for the chauffeur be made at once?

BANNISTER
Naturally, if my chauffeur were guilty I wanted him apprehended.

GALLOWAY
Naturally. You wanted to avenge George Grisby's death. That was your duty just as it is my duty. I should imagine you also felt a certain sense of responsibility, having hired and trusted the defendant Michael O'Hara, who later showed his gratitude by killing your own partner.

Bannister just looks at him.

495 CLOSEUP MICHAEL REACTION 495

496 OVER SHOULDER FAVORING BANNISTER 496

GALLOWAY
How long was Michael O'Hara in your employ before the shooting?

BANNISTER
A little less than a week.

GALLOWAY
He wasn't very content with his job, was he?

BANNISTER
No, I don't think he was.

GALLOWAY
As a matter of fact, he was preparing to leave the country -- Go back to sea. I wonder if you can enlighten us on that, Mr. Bannister? Why did he want to leave?

Bannister turns to the Judge.

497 MEDIUM THREE SHOT JUDGE, GALLOWAY AND BANNISTER 497

BANNISTER
As Defense Counsel I object to the District Attorney's line of questioning. By indirection he is attempting to establish premeditation which does not exist.

JUDGE
Objection sustained.

GALLOWAY
Very well, then, to return to the night of the crime. What did you say about the five thousand dollars discovered by the police on O'Hara's person?

498 CLOSEUP BANNISTER 498

BANNISTER
I didn't say anything.

499 TWO SHOT GALLOWAY AND BANNISTER 499

GALLOWAY
You weren't surprised?

BANNISTER
In our profession, Mr. Galloway, one ceases to be surprised at anything.

GALLOWAY
For the same reason that one ceases to put much trust in his fellow men.

BANNISTER
Possibly.

GALLOWAY
But yet you trusted Michael O'Hara -- without knowing any more about him than that he had been a sailor?

BANNISTER
I trusted him.

500 CLOSEUP GALLOWAY 500
Galloway lashes a sharp finger at him.

GALLOWAY
Then why did you hire the detective Broome?

501 CLOSEUP BANNISTER 501

BANNISTER
We live in a rather deserted section--

502 TWO SHOT GALLOWAY AND BANNISTER 502

GALLOWAY
One minute, please. You live there how long?

BANNISTER
Eight years.

503 CLOSEUP GALLOWAY 503

GALLOWAY
Eight years! You've lived in a rather deserted section of Long Island for eight years and then suddenly you feel called on to keep a detective on the premises!

504 CLOSE SHOT BANNISTER 504

BANNISTER
Your Honor, I fail to see what possible connection the District Attorney's present line of questioning can have on the case. If I hadn't trusted my chauffeur, I would have dismissed him. Certainly I would not have gone to the expense of hiring a detective to watch him.

505 THREE SHOT JUDGE, BANNISTER AND GALLOWAY 505

JUDGE
Can the District Attorney justify his present line of questioning?

GALLOWAY
I propose to show, Your Honor, that the hiring of detective Broome has a direct bearing on this case.

JUDGE
Very well.

GALLOWAY
I propose to show that the defendant was hired because of his youth and general physique and because he could not be trusted!

506 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 506
Reaction.

507 MED. SHOT COURTROOM 507

JUDGE
Proceed.

GALLOWAY
Isn't it true, Mr. Bannister, that you'd used the detective Broome in several of your cases having to do with divorce actions?

BANNISTER
I'm not in the habit of accepting such cases.

GALLOWAY
No, but you've handled a number, have you not?

507 CONTINUED: 507

BANNISTER
Yes.

GALLOWAY
You found it expedient to hire Broome for these cases because you knew his whole reputation and training had been in the procuring of such evidence?

BANNISTER
Yes.

508 CLOSEUP GALLOWAY 508

GALLOWAY
Do you mean to tell us you would hire a man trained in divorce actions, merely to watch your house?!

509 CLOSEUP BANNISTER 509

BANNISTER
Partly, yes.

510 CLOSEUP GALLOWAY 510

GALLOWAY
What do you mean,partly?

511 CLOSEUP BANNISTER 511

BANNISTER
(looking at the Judge)
I refuse to answer on the ground --!

512 CLOSEUP GALLOWAY 512

GALLOWAY
(breaking in)
Exactly as I thought. You didn't hire him to watch your house at all. You hired him to watch your wife. You didn't trust her with your new chauffeur. You didn't fire him either. You wanted to leave them together. You wanted to gather evidence.

513 CLOSEUP ELSA 513
reaction

514 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 514
reaction

515 CLOSEUP BANNISTER 515

BANNISTER
I never had any thought of having Michael watched.

516 TWO SHOT BANNISTER AND GALLOWAY 516

GALLOWAY
Whom did you want watched?

Bannister doesn't answer. He just scowls angrily.

517 MED. THREE SHOT JUDGE, GALLOWAY, BANNISTER 517

JUDGE
(breaking in)
I fail to see the connection between that and the case at hand.

GALLOWAY
The connection would be quite apparent if the questions were answered truthfully.

518 CLOSEUP JUDGE 518

JUDGE
I think then that since Mr. Bannister has declined to answer on legal grounds, that the present line of questioning should be dropped.

519 MED. SHOT COURTROOM 519

GALLOWAY
That's all then. Your witness, Mr. Bannister.

Bannister climbs down off the stand and confronts the Jury.

520 MED. SHOT BANNISTER AND JURY 520

BANNISTER
As defense counsel, I should like to ask the witness, -- myself, that is, -- a question. Why did I say on seeing the cap in George Grisby's hand that my chauffeur must have killed him? Because at the moment that seemed to be the logical explanation.

CAMERA DOLLIES IN to CLOSEUP BANNISTER

BANNISTER
Michael O'Hara did shoot George Grisby, but after his voluntary surrender he convinced me that he had no premeditated ideas of murder -- that it had been an accident.

521 OVER SHOULDER SHOT OF BANNISTER FAVORING JURY 521

BANNISTER (cont'd)
He told me he decided that the most honorable course was to put trust in the police and you, the Jury.

CAMERA PANS the Jury.

BANNISTER O.S. (cont'd.)
He thereupon surrendered out of his own innate sense of honor. That is all.

522 MED. SHOT BANNISTER 522
Bannister goes back to his chair. Galloway smiles up at him.

GALLOWAY
A very pretty speech.

Bannister doesn't look at him. He sits down.

GALLOWAY
(still smiling, on his feet)
Call Mrs. Bannister.

Excitement in the courtroom!

523 CLOSEUP ELSA STARTLED 523
She rises. CAMERA TRUCKS WITH HER as she goes to the stand.

523 CONTINUED: 523

BAILIFF
(the routine unintelligible sprawl of sounds)
Doyousweartotellthetruth, the wholetruthand nothingbutthe truth, sohelpyouGod?

ELSA
I do.

524 CLOSE SHOT OF MICHAEL 524
watching her.

525 CLOSE SHOT ELSA 525
on the stand. She looks at Michael, tries to smile.

526 TIGHT TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND BANNISTER 526
Bannister takes out his medicine bottle. Pours out a couple of pills into a shaking hand and swallows the

GALLOWAY'S VOICE (O.S.)
Your name and occupation?

ELSA'S VOICE O.S.
Elsa Bannister ... Housewife.

527 TWO SHOT ELSA AND GALLOWAY 527

GALLOWAY
Mrs. Bannister, is it true that you asked your husband to employ Michael O'Hara as your chauffuer?

ELSA
Mr. Grisby suggested --

GALLOWAY
Answer the question, yes or no.

ELSA
No.

GALLOWAY
Is it true you were personally acquainted with the defendant Michael O'Hara before he entered your employ?

528 CLOSEUP ELSA 528

ELSA
One evening in Central Park, I ....

529 CLOSE SHOT GALLOWAY 529

GALLOWAY
Yes or no, Mrs. Bannister, if you please! You knew Michael O'Hara personally before he was hired by your husband?

ELSA
Yes.

530 TWO SHOT GALLOWAY AND ELSA 530

GALLOWAY
Why do you think he accepted the position as chauffeur -- as your chauffeur?

ELSA
I don't understand the question.

531 CLOSE SHOT GALLOWAY 531

GALLOWAY
Mrs. Bannister, let me simplify it. Was it because of you?

532 CLOSE SHOT BANNISTER 532

BANNISTER
Objection!

533 CLOSE SHOT JUDGE 533

JUDGE
Objection overruled.

534 MED. SHOT COURTROOM 534

ELSA
(slowly)
Yes.

535 CLOSE SHOT GALLOWAY 535

GALLOWAY
Then it was because of you that the defendant Michael O'Hara stayed on in your house as your servant? Is that true, Mrs. Bannister?

536 CLOSE SHOT ELSA 536
She hesitates, then looks toward Bannister.

ELSA
Yes, it's true.

537 CLOSE REACTION SHOT BANNISTER 537

538 CLOSE REACTION SHOT MICHAEL 538

539 CLOSE REACTION SHOT JURY 539

540 REACTION SHOT SPECTATORS 540

541 REACTION SHOT REPORTERS 541

542 CLOSE SHOT GALLOWAY 542

GALLOWAY
Mrs. Bannister, while the defendant was in your employ as a chauffeur -- what exactly were his duties?

543 CLOSE SHOT ELSA 543

ELSA
To drive either Mr. Bannister or or myself, of course.

544 TWO SHOT GALLOWAY AND ELSA

GALLOWAY
Is that all?

She looks at him.

GALLOWAY (Cont'd)
Sorry, Mrs. Bannister, my fault. Let me clarify the question.

546 CLOSEUP ELSA 546

GALLOWAY'S VOICE O.S. (Cont'd)
Did Michael O'Hara in the performance of his duties make love to you?

547 MEDIUM SHOT COURTROOM 547
A wave of sound rises, and then, -- suddenly there isn't a whisper. Bannister swings to his feet.

548 CLOSEUP BANNISTER 548

BANNISTER
(shouting)
Objection!

549 CLOSEUP GALLOWAY 549

GALLOWAY
I should think the defense counsel would object!

550 MEDIUM SHOT COURTROOM 550
Laughter is heard and the Judge's gavel!!

GALLOWAY (Cont'd)
The witness will please answer.

Elsa looks at the Judge appealingly.

JUDGE
Is the question pertinent?

551 MEDIUM THREE SHOT ELSA, GALLOWAY, JUDGE. 551

GALLOWAY
Your Honor, it is very pertinent! I want to know exactly why Mrs. Bannister is protecting this man.

JUDGE
How do you mean - protecting him?

GALLOWAY
By saying he was back at her husband's house by eleven o'clock on the night of the murder.

552 CLOSE SHOT ELSA 552
She looks wildly at Bannister - sees no hope there ...

553 CLOSE SHOT BANNISTER 553
He says nothing.

554 THREE SHOT GALLOWAY, JUDGE, ELSA 554

JUDGE
The witness may answer.

GALLOWAY
Let me put the question this way, Mrs. Bannister - The defendant while working as your chauffeur has on more than one occasion kissed you?

555 CLOSEUP ELSA 555

ELSA
(almost eagerly)
Yes!

556 CLOSE SHOT BANNISTER REACTION 556
He sags in his chair.

557 CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL REACTION 557

558 REACTION SHOT COURTROOM 558

559 TWO SHOT ELSA AND GALLOWAY 559

GALLOWAY
And that's why Michael didn't leave as he at first intended, isn't it?

ELSA
I don't know.

GALLOWAY
Well, I would have stayed!

560 FULL SHOT COURTROOM 560
A laugh goes up from the gallery, but Galloway isn't laughing himself. He plunges on. CAMERA DOLLIES IN to MEDIUM SHOT GALLOWAY.

GALLOWAY (Cont'd)
That's why you lied to the police about the time he got back to the house? You wanted to cover up for your lover!

561 CLOSEUP ELSA 561

ELSA
(scarcely breathing)
He was back before eleven. I know --
I looked at the clock.

562 TWO SHOT GALLOWAY AND ELSA 562

GALLOWAY
Remember you're under oath!

ELSA
He was back before eleven ...

563 CLOSEUP ELSA 563

ELSA (Cont'd)
.. You don't like the truth because it means he couldn't have been down at Wall Street the night Grisby was murdered -- And he wasn't!

564 TIGHT TWO SHOT GALLOWAY AND ELSA 564

GALLOWAY
(coming close to her)
Mrs. Bannister, do you know the laws in this state against perjury?

565 CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL 565
He grips his chair with both hands.

566 CLOSEUP ELSA 566

ELSA
(flaring)
Yes!

567 CLOSEUP GALLOWAY 567

GALLOWAY
But you admit he kissed you --
several times? --

568 MEDIUM SHOT COURTROOM 568

GALLOWAY (Cont'd)
Thank you, Mrs. Bannister. Your witness, Mr. Bannister.

568 CONTINUED: 568

Bannister rises painfully and limps over to the witness stand.

569 CLOSEUP BANNISTER 569
He starts to speak to Elsa, then changes his mind. He looks at her for a while. Then:

BANNISTER
No questions.

570 ON JUDGE'S GAVEL 570
IT COMES DOWN ON THE LENS, BLACKING OUT THE SCREEN ...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. JAIL - THE VISITOR'S GALLERY - DAY

571 Elsa and Michael are looking at each other through the heavy wire screen. She's veiled. 571

ELSA
I shouldn't come here. It would be awful for you if I'm recognized.

MICHAEL
Your husband doesn't think I have much of a chance, does he?

ELSA
Whatever else he is, Harry's a wonderful lawyer. You ought to trust him, Michael. He says you told him a wild story ---

MICHAEL
About Grisby paying me five thousand dollars to make believe I'd killed him? Well, he did.

572 OVER SHOULDER OF MICHAEL FAVORING ELSA 572

ELSA
But he said you did it to help Grisby get away from his wife.

572 CONTINUED: 572

MICHAEL
That's what Grisby told me.

ELSA
But he wasn't married.

573 REVERSE ANGLE FAVORING MICHAEL 573

MICHAEL
What? - But Grisby told me --

ELSA
George had no wife.

MICHAEL
Elsa, d'ya know the truth of it? Grisby wanted to make it look like he was dead, because he wanted to kill somebody else. He knew they'd never suspect him if I could prove I'd killed him -- accidentally, of course, that he was already murdered when he himself was actually committing a murder.

574 CLOSEUP ELSA 574

ELSA
George Grisby?

575 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 575

MICHAEL
That's right, Grisby.

576 CLOSEUP ELSA 576

ELSA
Michael, what are you trying to tell me?

MICHAEL
The truth.

ELSA
Did you kill Broome, Michael?

577 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 577
He stares at her.

577 CONTINUED: 577

ELSA O.S. (Cont'd)
Please don't be afraid to tell me. I don't care. I just want to know.

578 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 578

MICHAEL
(slowly)
I never should have let you lie about the time I got to the garage. You shouldn't have lied about being in the house. I shouldn't have let you. Now you think everything's a lie.

ELSA
I love you, Michael, no matter what's happened --

MICHAEL
Grisby killed Broome. He was going to kill your husband.

579 CLOSEUP ELSA 579

ELSA
Harry! That's impossible! What could he possibly gain from it?

580 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 580

MICHAEL
There's something called partnership insurance....Never mind, if you don't believe it, the jury never will.

581 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND ELSA 581

ELSA
But where was George going to go? Where could he hide?

MICHAEL
He said he was going to the South Seas.

582 CLOSEUP ELSA 582

ELSA
The South Seas! Why the whole thing's fantastic. Michael, you haven't told this to anyone else, have you?

583 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND ELSA 583

ELSA (Cont'd)
You mustn't. It's the worst possible thing you could say.

584 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 584

MICHAEL
But it's my only chance. Sure and all I was supposed to do was to fire a shot into the sand. That's all I did. And now they're trying to send me to the chair for it. For a shot in the sand!

585 CLOSEUP ELSA 585
She looks at him not believing a word he says....

DISSOLVE

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

586 MEDIUM SHOT THE JURY BOX 586
It is empty.

587 LONG SHOT THE COURTROOM 587
A tense silence waits over the room.

588 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND BANNISTER 588
Bannister flanks the defendant on one side and a Guard is on the other. Bannister's pill bottle is on the table with a glass of water.

MICHAEL
How long do they take usually?

BANNISTER
You can't ever tell about a jury.

589 MEDIUM SHOT SPECTATORS 589
Sewing, reading papers and eating sandwiches....Some heads are turned toward the jury room.

590 CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL 590

591 CLOSEUP BANNISTER 591
His fingers drum on the table...

592 CLOSE SHOT ELSA 592
She's crying.

593 MEDIUM SHOT BANNISTER AND MICHAEL 593

BANNISTER
By the way, what did Elsa have to say for herself?....

Michael looks at him quickly.

BANNISTER (cont.)
Or did you imagine I wouldn't find out that she came to see you?

MICHAEL
She asked me to trust you.

594 CLOSEUP BANNISTER 594

BANNISTER
(looking at him closely)
But you don't. Why not?

595 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 595

MICHAEL
Because I know you wanted me to be convicted.

596 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND BANNISTER 596

BANNISTER
(very suave, almost tenderly)
Michael, you forgot my reputation. Do you imagine that I like having my record spoiled? This is the first case of its kind I ever lost....

INT. THE COURTROOM

597 to 602 A series of shots. The idle gestures of the gallery grow more subdued. The pressure of waiting hangs heavy over the room...

603 MEDIUM SHOT THE DOOR TO THE JURY ROOM 603
The Jury files in. CAMERA FOLLOWS THE JURY as they take their places in the box. (The above is inter-cut with the following:)

604 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND BANNISTER 604

BANNISTER (CONT)
However -- now that it's too late for you to do anything about it, I'll be frank with you. This is one case I've enjoyed losing.

MICHAEL
Sure, and that's why you defended me, isn't it? You wanted to be sure I'd lose.

BANNISTER
You could be right, but there's nothing you could do about it now. You're going to burn.....

605 CLOSEUP BANNISTER 605

BANNISTER (CONT)
I'm going to come to see you in the death-house, Michael, every day. Our little visits will be fun---

606 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 606

BANNISTER (CONT) O.S.
I'm going to ask for a stay of execution. And I really hope it will be granted. I want you to live as long as possible -- before you die -- You know why I want that, don't you, Michael?

607 TIGHT TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND BANNISTER 607

MICHAEL
I know.. Because you're the killer ---

608 MEDIUM SHOT THE COURTROOM 608
The clerk steps forward.

THE CLERK
(to the Jury)
Have you agreed upon a verdict?

609 CLOSE SHOT THE JURY 609
The Foreman rises, very puffed up with his own importance.

THE FOREMAN
We have.

610 VERY TIGHT TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND BANNISTER 610
Michael is staring into the lawyer's eyes.

MICHAEL
(with very quiet, but terrible intensity)
You killed Grisby!

THE CLERK O.S.
The prisoner will rise!

Michael stands up.

611 CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL 611

CLERK O.S.
The jury will look upon the prisoner.
The prisoner will look upon the jury.

612 CLOSE SHOT JURY 612

CLERK
How say you, guilty or not guilty?

The foreman clears his throat again.

613 CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL 613
He stands tense as the foreman pronounces him:

FOREMAN O.S.
Guilty....

614 CLOSE SHOT REACTION: BANNISTER 614

615 CLOSE SHOT REACTION: GALLOWAY (D.A.)

616 CLOSE SHOT REACTION: ELSA 616

617 CLOSE SHOT REACTION: GOLDIE AND JAYE (Michael's old shipmates)

618 MEDIUM SHOT REACTION: SPECTATORS AND REPORTERS IN COURT 616

619 CLOSE SHOT ELSA 619
Her eyes, swimming with tears, are signalling to Michael.

620 CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL 620
He follows her look to the bottle on the table before him. Then, as her meaning sinks into his brain, he looks back at her, quite a new expression in his eyes.

621 CLOSE UP ELSA 621
Almost imperceptibly she nods.

622 CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL 622
He looks back at the bottle. Then with a quick movement he seizes it, dumps out the pills. Before he can be stopped he swallows most of them.

623 MEDIUM SHOT COURTROOM 623

624 to 628 THEN: A SERIES OF SHOTS 624 to 628
All hell breaks loose.

SPECTATORS (ad lib)
He's taken poison.
Tried to beat the death rap.
That proves he's guilty.
He's committed suicide.
etc.

Reporters make a mad dash for their phones. Turmoil. The judge bangs on the bench for order. Guards rush towards Michael.

629 CLOSE SHOT ELSA 629
She rises.

630 MEDIUM SHOT MICHAEL AND BANNISTER 630
Michael sits dazed in his chair, Bannister and guards stand over him.

631 MEDIUM SHOT COURTROOM 631
Spectators strain to see what's happening.

JUDGE
Clear the court! Court is in recess! Take the prisoner to my chambers.

The guards lift Michael out of the chair, into the judge's chambers.

632 MEDIUM SHOT ELSA 632
She moves weakly out the door.

633 MEDIUM SHOT COURTROOM 633
Confusion.

634 to 638 INT. PRESS ROOM
A quick series of reaction shots as reporters call their papers announcing that Michael on hearing the death verdict committed suicide.

INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS

639 Michael lies on the couch in the judge's chambers. A guard is beside him. Another guard enters.

SECOND GUARD
Just spoke to the doctor. He says keep him on his feet - keep him moving till he gets here. Once the guy falls asleep he's through.

The second guard exits. The first guard is left with Michael. He studies him for a moment, then helps him to his feet.

FIRST GUARD
C'mon -- Doc says you've got to keep moving.

640 CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL
Dazed, he stands on his feet and walks up and down in the small anteroom. As he moves his head seems to clear.

641 TWO SHOT GUARD AND MICHAEL
Without warning Michael suddenly swings around and hits the guard, who crumples and falls unconscious to the floor. CAMERA PANS MICHAEL, to a side door of the judge's chambers. He exits.

INT. CORRIDOR IN THE COURT OF GENERAL SESSIONS

642 TRUCKING SHOT
Quickly Michael closes the door behind him and starts down the corridor. The front entrance to the court is heavily guarded so there's no possible way for him to get out.

INT. THE CORRIDOR FRESH ANGLE

643 Goldie and Jake. seeing Michael, set up a diversion for the benefit of the cops at the other end of the hall.

GOLDIE
There he goes.

JAKE
This way! Hurry up! You can still catch him.

644 MEDIUM SHOT MICHAEL IN THE CORRIDOR 644
He notices across the way another courtroom where another trial is in progress -- He steps outside the door.

645 CLOSE SHOT JURY ROOM 645
Michael stands undecided, sees a guard, his back turned, opening a door marked "Jury Room."

646 MEDIUM SHOT MICHAEL AND MEMBERS OF THE JURY OF THE GRAND 646
LARCENY TRIAL.
Twelve men and women jurors file out of the room and Michael finds himself in their midst. The guard addresses them.

GUARD
(mechanically)
Stay together now while I escort you to dinner. Please do not talk about the case outside the jury room. The judge hopes you arrive at a verdict as soon as possible.

647 TRUCKING SHOT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE JURY AND MICHAEL 647
The guard leads them down the corridor. Michael follows next to a little old lady.

THE OLD LADY
(whispers to Michael)
He's too nice looking to have stolen all that jewelry. It's such a responsibility knowing what to do,don't you think?

Michael merely nods.

648 CLOSE SHOT GUARD 648
The guard turns around and looks towards Michael.

GUARD
Hey, you!

649 CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL 649
He stops abruptly, stands frozen, as the guard walks towards him.

650 TWO SHOT GUARD AND MICHAEL 650
The guard reaches Michael and solemnly studies him for a second.

650 CONTINUED: 650

GUARD
You were told not to talk about the case. Now, don't let it happen again. All right, now keep moving!

Michael manages a smile of apology as the guard continues to lead them down the corridor and out the front entrance.

EXT. COURT OF GENERAL SESSIONS

651 Led by the guard, the jury start down the steps on their way to dinner. Michael slips away during the confusion. Elsa is on the other side of the street. She sees Michael. 651

652 TRUCKING SHOT MICHAEL 652
Michael is walking -- turning back to see if he's followed. He is -- by Elsa. She hurries trying to catch up with him. Dazed by the drug, scarcely knowing what he's doing, Michael moves faster trying to elude her.

653 MEDIUM SHOT SUBWAY 653
A crowd of people are coming out. Michael slips among them and walks down to the trains.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM

654 Michael slips through the turnstile and enters the platform. The train is just leaving the station. The crowds elbow into the train, pushing fellow passengers and Michael in with them. 654

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM FRESH ANGLE

655 Elsa comes out of the crowd, sees Michael, runs after him.....The subway doors close in her face and the train pulls away. 655

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN

656 The jampacked train leaves the station gathering speed for the long run to 125th St. Passengers settle down into their own small private worlds. 656

657 CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL 657
He tightens his clutch on an overhead strap -- sways back and forth -- sweats ....

INT. CAR

658 MEDIUM SHOT 658
Passengers building up their worlds behind newspapers, magazines, behind closed eyes, or staring at the various colored show cards that border the car.

659 CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL 659
Fighting desperately to keep from falling asleep, he tries to focus on the ads --

660 to 665 CLOSE SHOT ADS IN THE CAR SERIES OF SHOTS 660 to 665
Through Michael's eyes, the posters seem to change. A girl in a bathing suit suddenly becomes Elsa, the man next to her advertising the razor becomes Bannister. The man in a speedboat becomes Grisby. Each ad becomes some incident in Michael's mind, leading up to the murder. A subway sign streaks over the scene with a roar, then stops, vibrating queerly.

CONDUCTOR'S VOICE O.S.
205th Street. You'll have to get out buddy. This is the end of the line.

Bannister's face bolts into the aperture. (Distortion lens)

BANNISTER
(echoing the Conductor's words)
The end of the line....This is the end of the line, Michael.

His face is replaced by the floor of the garage....The pile of money swirls in a crazy wind.....

ELSA'S VOICE O.S.--(normal quality)
Oh, Michael, I found you! I took the next train just on the chance you'd ride this far --

GRISBY'S VOICE (echo chamber)
(repeating the words)
.....The end of the line.....

BROOME'S VOICE
(filter and echo --very far away)
The end of the line.

Over the above we also hear the perfectly literal sound of a nickel being dropped into a pay telephone and a number being dialed. At the same moment the whirling money changes to a whirling phone dial.....

ELSA'S VOICE
Hello -- Hello, this is Mrs. Bannister -- Mrs. Harry Bannister ---

Her voice FADES as the SCREEN goes black.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. CRAZY HOUSE - NIGHT

666 Michael wakes up to find himself alone in one of the queerest rooms ever built by man ... The floor is raked at an angle of the sheerest vertigo, the walls and ceiling are pure "Cabinet of Dr. Caligari"... He rises from the little pallet that's been fixed for him, blinks his eyes, shakes his head and wonders -- as we do -- where in hell he is. For a fact, Hell itself couldn't be a stranger place to look at. He staggers over to a cock-eyed door, and stumbles out. 666

INT. HALLWAY CRAZY HOUSE - NIGHT

667 A corridor like the corridors in dreams; a sloped tunnel diabolically gimmicked to bump and trip the visitor without mercy. Down this terrifying alley Michael makes his painful, bewildered way.... 667

A spring under his foot snaps a panel open with a sudden squeak as shocking as a scream in the night -- a staring corpse falls out at him.

The head of the corpse falls off the shoulders and bobbles hideously on a grotesque coil of wire.... A second look shows Michael the dust on the wax figure, and, as he approaches it, his weight sets off a further mechanism: the dummy bolts back into the wall with an echoing bank of timber, there is a rattle of counterweights and the deafening complaint of tortured, rusty metal as the floor itself tilts slowly down and down and down.

Michael loses his footing and plummets into the blackness toward the chomping jaws of a dragon. The apparatus is very nicely calculated and the gore-stained teeth grind and crash shut a tight second after Michael has rocketed through the Hell-mouth into the wooden gullet of the mad Leviathan.

INT. ANOTHER ROOM IN THE CRAZY HOUSE

668 Distortion mirrors, a whole hall of them... A monstrous portrait gallery out of bedlam. Michael sees himself (insanely multiplied) as a scurrying hummunculi, a spider, all legs and eyes -- sees himself dwarfish, distended... thin as death and fat as sin. He chooses one of several doors and finds the open air. 668

EXT. CRAZY HOUSE - NIGHT

669 We realize now, if Michael doesn't that he's found his way somehow into the bleak acreage of a deserted amusement park. 669

669 CONTINUED: 669

Rides and concessions are boarded up for the winter. Lacking the sounds and music and people, with the color and smell of carnival suspended until spring, a dreary gloom hangs over "The Palisades," -- a spooky calm worse than a morgue's. It's colder than the grave out here, lonelier than the emptiest valley on the moon ... a voice breaks the stillness:

THE VOICE
(o.s.)
Michael! Michael!

He turns and sees:

670 MEDIUM SHOT ELSA 670
It was she who called.

671 MEDIUM SHOT BASE OF ROLLER COASTER 671
It's Elsa -- she calls out in a sharp whisper:

ELSA
Don't stand out there, Michael.
You'll be seen. Go back.

672 MEDIUM SHOT MICHAEL 672
Michael dazed, holds his place in the center of the deserted mid-way.

MICHAEL
Go back -- ?

ELSA
There. Where you came from.

Michael looks behind him -- sees the mammoth, grinning masks, -- the sign:

-- "THE CRAZY HOUSE" --

ELSA
(continuing)
Through the rear -- this way,
I'll show you. Hurry.

He moves over to her, slowly.

ELSA
(continuing)
Bessie says a car's just come into the park.

BESSIE'S VOICE O.S.
It may be the police.

672 CONTINUED: 672

Bessie steps into the scene behind Elsa.

BESSIE
One o' mah boys works hyah as a night watchman. It's a fine place to hide since it's closed up. So when Miz Bannister phoned me, we come and got yuh in his car and brung yuh out while yuh was sleepin'.

CAMERA DOLLIES with Bessie as during the above she leads Michael and Elsa under the Roller Coaster and around behind the Crazy House.

BESSIE (CONT.)
Better get inside now till we see who's comin'.

Bessie goes. Elsa and Michael pass a brick building and we read a sign b.g.

"BUSINESS OFFICE

PALISADES AMUSEMENT PARK"

They go through the back entrance into the Crazy House.

INT. CRAZY HOUSE

673 MAZE OF MIRRORS 673
(No distortion mirrors here, this is the regular Carnival maze, gaffed so the sucker's bound to lose his way). Michael comes in to find a hundred Elsas waiting for him. He sees himself, reflected as many times... moving up to her. When he speaks it is with an odd, new note of coldness.

MICHAEL
Why are you here?

ELSA
Bessie brought me. She told me where they'd hidden you. Oh, Michael, -- I want to be with you no matter where you are. Put your arms around me, please Michael, -- I want your love.

674 REVERSE ANGLE 674
The door. Bessie rushes in....

BESSIE
It's him. It's Mr. Bannister! Hide Mizz Elsa! -- both of you!... Hide where he can't find you, or he'll kill ya sure!
(to Elsa breathlessly)
He must'a followed me when I brought you from the house.

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK

675 FULL DOWN SHOT ANGLING THROUGH ROLLER COASTER 675
A shadow, long, black and misshapen announces the arrival of Bannister. He limps into scene CAMERA PANNING him toward Crazy House.

676 MED. CLOSE SHOT THE DOORWAY 676
Michael appears and stands waiting for Bannister.

MICHAEL
I think it's me you're lookin' for.

677 REVERSE ANGLE BANNISTER (AMUSEMENT PARK B.G.) 677
The little lawyer stops, leans on his cane, gasping painfully from the exertion of his walk.

BANNISTER
No, I'm not looking for you.

678 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND BANNISTER 678

BANNISTER (CONT.)
But since I'm here --
(he grins ironically at the Crazy House behind Michael)
---May I come in?

Michael doesn't speak or move.

BANNISTER (CONTD.)
You're not very hospitable,-- or can it be you're afraid? ... There's no need to be. I have no firearms, I'm alone, and I'm a harmless cripple...

Michael steps aside, -- Bannister enters.

INT. CRAZY HOUSE - PALISADES AMUSEMENT PARK

679 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND BANNISTER 679

BANNISTER
Now -- Where's my wife?... I'm not going to turn you in, Michael.

680 CLOSEUP MICHAEL REACTION 680

681 CLOSEUP BANNISTER 681

BANNISTER (CONTD)
I told you, Michael, I want to keep you alive - Just as long as possible. Winter's coming - It's going to be nice and cold out here. I'll stop by in the evenings after work and watch you shiver.

682 CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL 682

MICHAEL
(finally answering)
You framed me, why aren't you satisfied with that?

683 TWO SHOT 683

BANNISTER
I'm never satisfied -- I'm what they call the jealous husband.
(His voice is raised above its normal level; Bannister knows Elsa's hiding somewhere near, and what he says now is for her to hear:)
If my wife couldn't love me, I wanted to be sure she wasn't capable of love. That isn't much, but I'm not very well, you know, and I simply had to have that. You took it away from me. Not her love - there wasn't any - just my poor little hope that Elsa could never truly love anything -- except money. I think she loves you, Black Irish. I think she really does... But I know Elsa - she'll always be true to my money. Some day, of course, she'll kill me for it, I know she will--- And yet I can't protect myself. There are women who do that to men. Look what she did to Grisby, -- he didn't have a chance.

MICHAEL
(a bomb bursting in his brain)
Is that another way you're tryin' to torture me -- Tellin' me that?

BANNISTER
Torture? Torture you? How do you think I felt when I learned she'd persuaded George to murder me -- My God, how do you think he felt?... What was it like for George when he found her there in Wall Street waiting for him with a gun??

684 CLOSE SHOT ELSA 684

ELSA
What's it like for you, Harry?

She's standing in the door. A gun in her hand, pointed at Bannister. He looks at her --

684 CONTINUED: 684

BANNISTER
Hello, lover.
(a long silence)
You're going to kill me, too?

We can see him finding the answer.

BANNISTER (cont'd)
Because I know about you - Lover?
I won't tell anybody - and Michael
doesn't count.

685 CLOSE SHOT ELSA 685
She shoots.

686 MED. SHOT BANNISTER 686
AND, IN THE HALL OF MIRRORS MANY OF HIS REFLECTIONS
Mirrors shatter and crash, destroying many images. The rest of the Bannisters - (we can't tell which is the real one) stand facing Elsa, - calmly facing her, with a curious relaxed kind of dauntlessness.

687 CLOSE SHOT ELSA 687
Madness in her eyes. Unable to decide where Bannister is, she looks from image to image, then shoots again, twice, and very quickly.

688 THE MAZE OF MIRRORS 688
More of Bannister's images smash to pieces -- but he still stands.

BANNISTER
There's only one bullet left.

689 CLOSE SHOT ELSA 689

BANNISTER'S VOICE
Why don't you save it, lover?

690 CLOSE SHOT ELSA 690
She fires. There is no answering crash of glass. We hear the sound of a cane falling to the floor, then a body--

691 MED. SHOT BANNISTER 691
He lies dead.

692 CLOSE SHOT ELSA 692
She stares for a long silence, seeing a great deal of Bannister or seeing nothing of him--it's impossible to say which. Then she looks quickly to Michael.

693 CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL 693
His face is a mask.

694 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND ELSA 694

ELSA
I couldn't help it.

Michael grabs her--tears the gun out of her fingers,--and throws her away from him... She stumbles and falls,--lies on the floor weeping.

ELSA (cont'd)
I couldn't help it, Michael....

Michael says nothing, shows nothing.

ELSA (cont'd)
(with great pathos)
I couldn't let him say those things in front of you.

MICHAEL
(very quietly)
There wouldn't be much point in killing him if he was lying.

695 CLOSEUP ELSA 695
A wretched figure huddled against the tin wall.

ELSA
Oh, Michael!--Michael!

696 MED. SHOT 696
Michael turns away to the dead Bannister. Her looks follows his.

ELSA O.S.
(shouting)
You've got the gun!

697 MED. CLOSE SHOT ELSA 697

ELSA (cont'd)
Shoot me if you think it's true, what he told you!--I don't want to live!

698 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 698
Michael picks up the gun. Looks at it thoughtfully.

699 OVER SHOULDER MICHAEL - FAVORING ELSA 699

MICHAEL
Do you really want to die?

She turns the tearful face of martyrdom toward the muzzle of the gun.

700 REVERSE ANGLE FAVORING MICHAEL 700

MICHAEL (cont'd)
There is another bullet, you know --

701 CLOSEUP ELSA 701
Elsa jumps to her feet; with a yell like a fishwife's

ELSA
No! He said --

702 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 702

MICHAEL
(gently)
He was lyin' about that. If you missed the fourth shot, he might have saved himself. He gambled on your losing count. Sure, it was one of his tricks. He did it with mirrors.

703 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND ELSA 703
Elsa wears quite a different face again. She's thinking furiously about that bullet...

MICHAEL (cont'd)
(repeating the question, the words sharp as razors)
Are you sure you want to die?

Now she's very frightened....

703 CONTINUED: 703

MICHAEL (cont'd)
I was, you know -- In the courtroom -- I was sure -- when I saw you lookin' at his pills, askin' me with your eyes to kill myself. That moment I was on you. I knew the truth, then --

704 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 704

MICHAEL (cont'd)
---And I didn't care to live, knowin' it. You told me must learn a bit of wicked-ness to defend myself. Well, I've learnt more than a bit.

705 TWO SHOT 705
The gun is now more aimed at her than merely pointing....

ELSA
(quick and brittle)
If you kill me they'll get you for both murders --

MICHAEL
They got me for one, already.

He sounds very dangerous and the gun looks dangerous. Elsa is sure now that she hasn't long to live.

706 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND ELSA 706

MICHAEL
I can't hide in an empty crazy house forever, and you're hidin' in one of your own. Sure, I don't blame you for wantin' to die.

707 CLOSEUP ELSA 707

ELSA
Don't talk like that! We'll get away. I've got money.

708 MICHAEL 708

MICHAEL
Money? Sure, it won't get you away from yourself, Mrs. Bannister. And if I were you, ma'm, it's myself I'd be runnin' from. Not from the cops, or from a little bit of a gun, or all the devils in the black pit of hell.

709 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND ELSA 709
He's quite close to her now pointing, with the muzzle of the pistol to her heart.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
Y'know, there's a girl inside here--would run if she could ...Poor Rosaleen. She never had a chance.

710 TWO SHOT (CONT'D) 710
Michael is looking at Elsa now as though he saw something behind her face that makes the gun unnecessary.

711 CLOSEUP ELSA 711

ELSA
(her voice reaching for a hold on his sympathy)
What about Rosaleen?

712 TIGHT TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND ELSA 712

MICHAEL
Against you she never had a chance...Rosaleen couldn't defend herself.
(suddenly)
Here, I'll give her somethin'!

He hands the gun to Elsa.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
I have a friend calls that an edge.

713 CLOSEUP ELSA 713
Amazed, she holds the pistol, staring down at it.

MICHAEL (o.s.)
Now, Rosaleen has an edge. She's a tough guy.

Like a snake striking, the gun is pointed at Michael.

ELSA
You fool!

714 CLOSEUP MICHAEL 714

MICHAEL
(with a long look at her)
Maybe...

715 TWO SHOT MICHAEL AND ELSA 715

ELSA
You killed Harry! I'll prove you killed him! They'll believe me. Now call the cops! --
(no answer)
Go on, call the cops!

716 MED. SHOT 716
In another entrance of the maze, Bessie appears.

717 CLOSE SHOT - BESSIE 717

BESSIE
(expressionless; to Elsa)
I already did.

718 MEDIUM SHOT 718

MICHAEL
(briskly)
Be sure they know where to come -- and who to get.

BESSIE
I'll tell 'em.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
(to Elsa)
You forgot about Bessie.

719 CLOSEUP - MICHAEL 719

MICHAEL
She heard you -- didn't you Bessie?

BESSIE
I heard everything.

Bessie exits quietly and quickly.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
Your husband would have called her a "Grade A" witness.

720 CLOSEUP - ELSA 720

721 CLOSEUP - MICHAEL 721

MICHAEL (cont'd)
You really shouldn't have killed him. You murdered the wrong man today, Mrs. Bannister. You're goin' to need a good lawyer.

722 TWO SHOT - MICHAEL AND ELSA 722

MICHAEL (cont'd.)
...Remember now, it wasn't you I gave the gun to.

He looks at her.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
The gun's for Rosaleen. She knows what to do with it.

He turns away from her and CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM as he walks down the hallway of mirrors, his reflections echoing his exit. He stops for a moment at Bannister's corpse.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
(almost to himself)
Like the sharks eatin' each other -- There isn't one of you left....

723 MEDIUM SHOT 723
Very deliberately and very carefully she raises the gun, taking aim at his back. Then, all at once, her arm drops. He turns...She has lowered the gun <u>before he turns</u>!

724 CLOSEUP - MICHAEL 724
He doesn't realize what nearly happened. She manages a kind of smile.

725 CLOSEUP - ELSA 725

ELSA
Good-bye, knight errant....Give my love to the sunset....

726 MEDIUM SHOT 726
He looks at her for one more second and then leaves.

EXT. CRAZY HOUSE

727 CAMERA follows Michael as he crosses the mid-way. The dawn is coming up over the Hudson. It shows grayly in his face. Michael takes out a cigarette and strikes a match. 727

728 CLOSE SHOT - MICHAEL 728
The sound of a shot! Michael hears it, his eyes shadowed in pain...He drops the match and throws away the cigarette.

729 FULL SHOT - THE PALISADES - NEW YORK B.G. - EARLY DAWN 729
The old Hudson pales under the advancing day...From the sea-reaches beyond come the clangor and complaint of shipping in impatient anchorage, iron boats straining for voyages, eager for the conquest of oceans....Under Manhattan to the East the sun bestirs itself, and the spired city, waking with a moan, prepares for its people the burden of another days work. A siren speaks for the approaching police. Michael waits for them, guarding the dead.

FADE OUT: